THE SAVAGE STRENGTH OF

STARJAMMERS™

THE SAVAGE STRENGTH OF
STAR STORM

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STORY & ART
DREW CRAIG

COLORS & LETTERS
JASON FINESTONE

PRODUCTION ARTIST
WESLEY GRIFFITH

STARSTORM CREATED BY
DREW CRAIG

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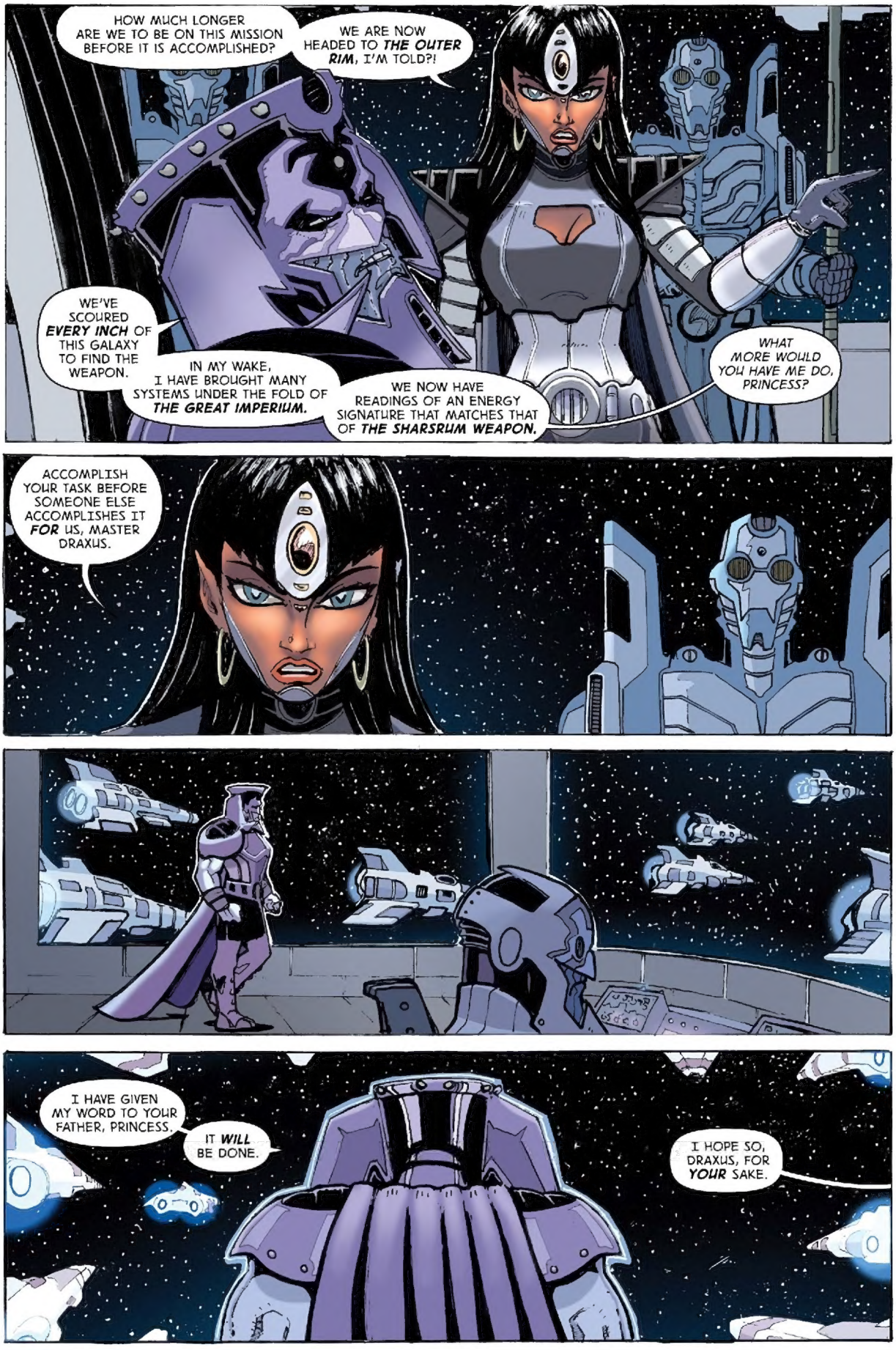
CHAPTER ONE

GENESIS OR "WHAT THE HECK IS THIS?"

WHERE IS IT?

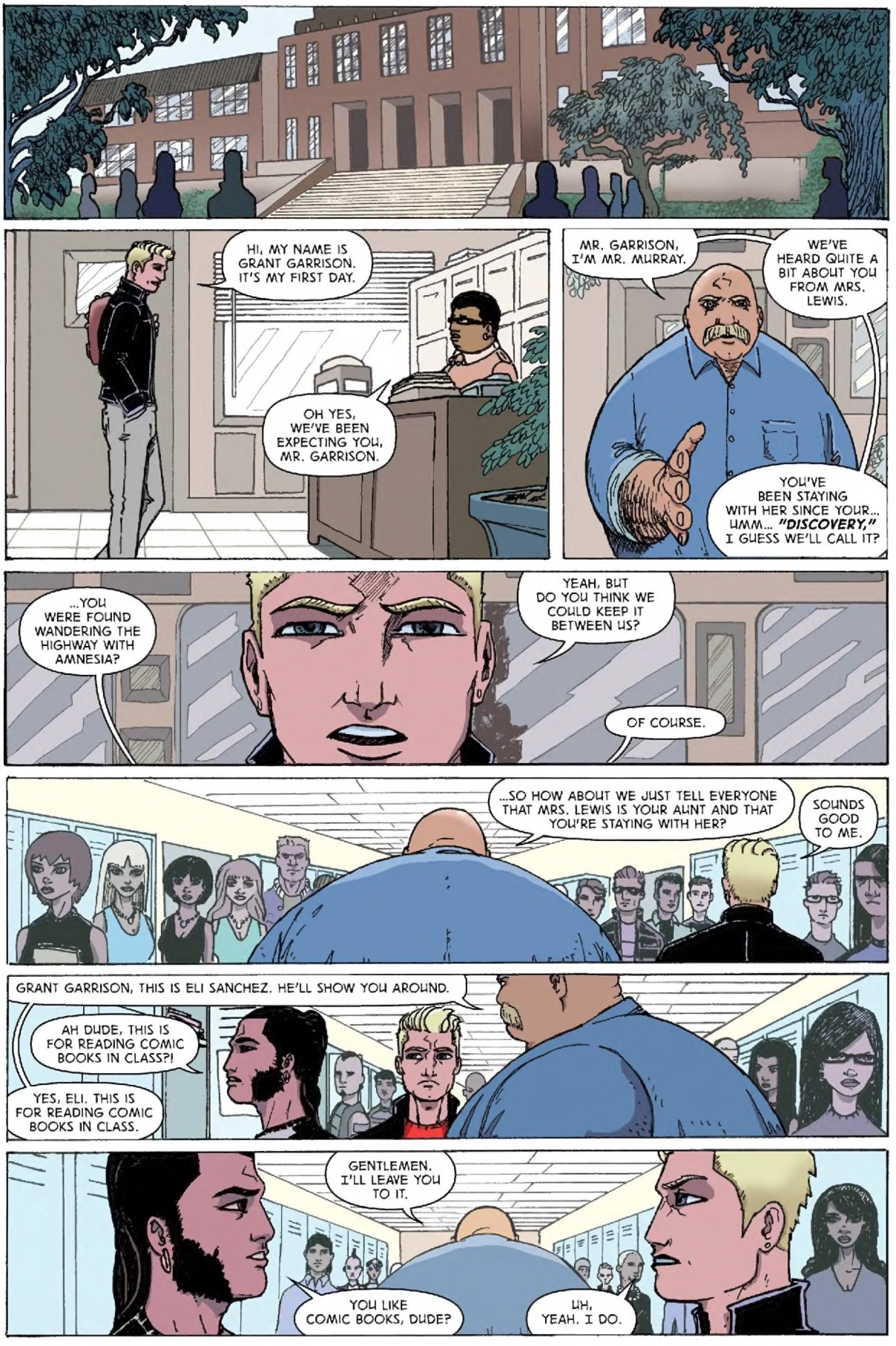
SIR, WE SHALL NOT FAIL IN OUR TASK. WE ARE CLOSE NOW. THE ENERGY READINGS SAY SO.
I DID NOT ASK YOUR OPINION, PILOT. PAY ATTENTION TO YOUR JOB.
YES, SIRE.
FATHER IS NOT PLEASED.

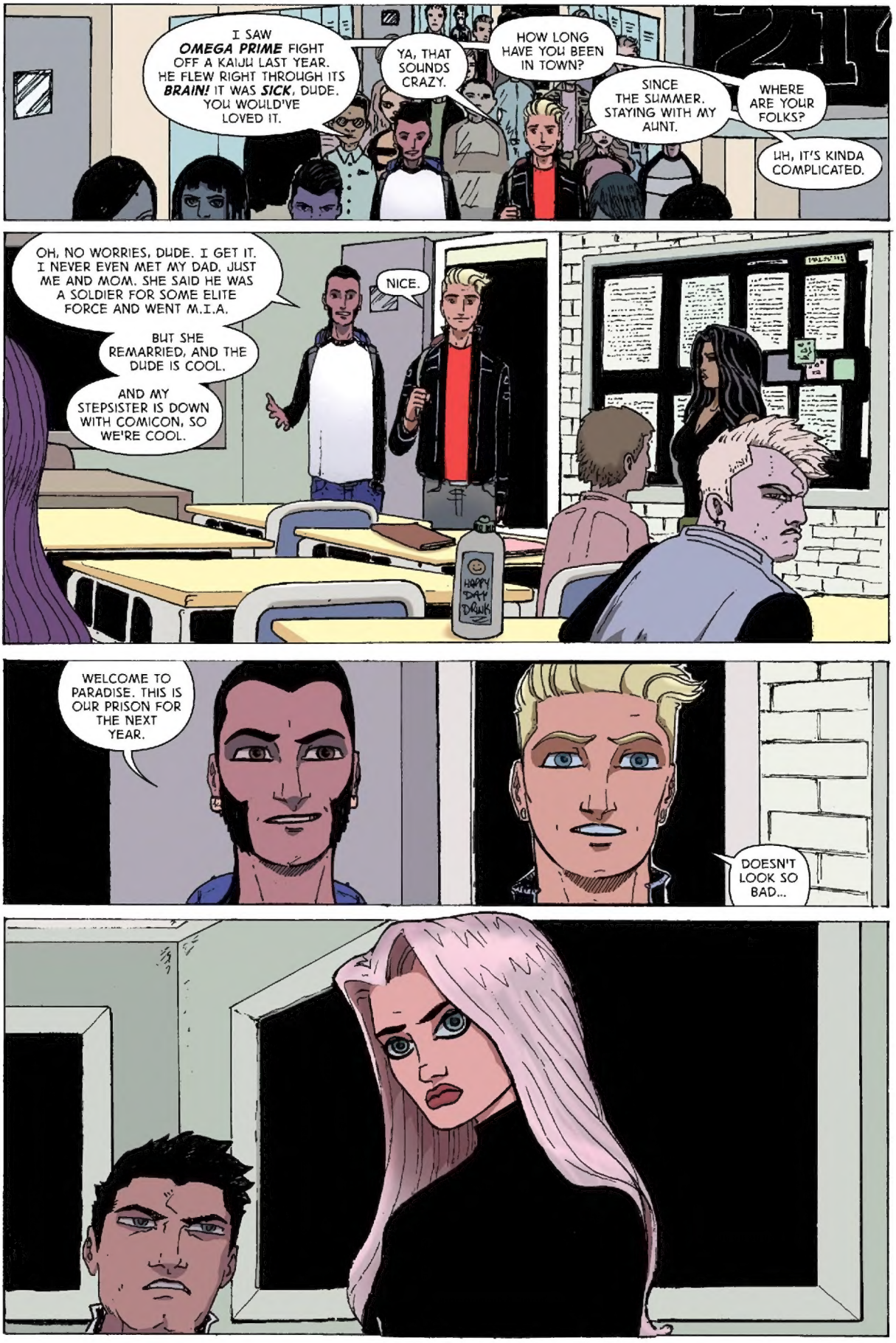

HOW MUCH LONGER ARE WE TO BE ON THIS MISSION BEFORE IT IS ACCOMPLISHED?
WE ARE NOW HEADED TO ***THE OUTER RIM***, I'M TOLD?!
WE'VE SCOURED ***EVERY INCH*** OF THIS GALAXY TO FIND THE WEAPON.
IN MY WAKE, I HAVE BROUGHT MANY SYSTEMS UNDER THE FOLD OF ***THE GREAT IMPERIUM.***
WE NOW HAVE READINGS OF AN ENERGY SIGNATURE THAT MATCHES THAT OF ***THE SHARSRUM WEAPON.***
WHAT MORE WOULD YOU HAVE ME DO, PRINCESS?
ACCOMPLISH YOUR TASK BEFORE SOMEONE ELSE ACCOMPLISHES IT ***FOR*** US, MASTER DRAXUS.
I HAVE GIVEN MY WORD TO YOUR FATHER, PRINCESS.
IT ***WILL*** BE DONE.
I HOPE SO, DRAXUS, FOR ***YOUR*** SAKE.

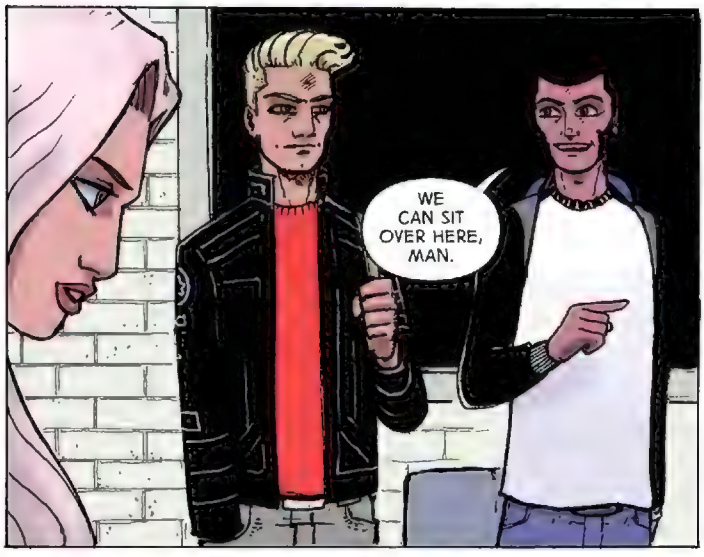
THE SAVAGE STRENGTH OF STARSTORM GENESIS

OR "WHAT THE HECK IS THIS?"

Written, Drawn and Created by Drew Craig
Colored and Lettered by Jason Finestone


HI, MY NAME IS GRANT GARRISON. IT'S MY FIRST DAY.
OH YES, WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU, MR. GARRISON.
MR. GARRISON, I'M MR. MURRAY.
WE'VE HEARD QUITE A BIT ABOUT YOU FROM MRS. LEWIS.
YOU'VE BEEN STAYING WITH HER SINCE YOUR... UMM... "DISCOVERY," I GUESS WE'LL CALL IT?
...YOU WERE FOUND WANDERING THE HIGHWAY WITH AMNESIA?
YEAH, BUT DO YOU THINK WE COULD KEEP IT BETWEEN US?
OF COURSE.
...SO HOW ABOUT WE JUST TELL EVERYONE THAT MRS. LEWIS IS YOUR AUNT AND THAT YOU'RE STAYING WITH HER?
SOUNDS GOOD TO ME.
GRANT GARRISON, THIS IS ELI SANCHEZ. HE'LL SHOW YOU AROUND.
AH DUDE, THIS IS FOR READING COMIC BOOKS IN CLASS?!
YES, ELI. THIS IS FOR READING COMIC BOOKS IN CLASS.
GENTLEMEN. I'LL LEAVE YOU TO IT.
YOU LIKE COMIC BOOKS, DUDE?
UH, YEAH. I DO.


I SAW OMEGA PRIME FIGHT OFF A KAIJU LAST YEAR. HE FLEW RIGHT THROUGH ITS BRAIN! IT WAS SICK, DUDE. YOU WOULD'VE LOVED IT.
YA, THAT SOUNDS CRAZY.
HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN IN TOWN?
SINCE THE SUMMER. STAYING WITH MY AUNT.
WHERE ARE YOUR FOLKS?
UH, IT'S KINDA COMPLICATED.
OH, NO WORRIES, DUDE. I GET IT. I NEVER EVEN MET MY DAD. JUST ME AND MOM. SHE SAID HE WAS A SOLDIER FOR SOME ELITE FORCE AND WENT M.I.A.
NICE.
BUT SHE REMARRIED, AND THE DUDE IS COOL.
AND MY STEPSISTER IS DOWN WITH COMICON, SO WE'RE COOL.
HAPPY DAD DRINK
WELCOME TO PARADISE. THIS IS OUR PRISON FOR THE NEXT YEAR.
DOESN'T LOOK SO BAD...


WE CAN SIT OVER HERE, MAN.

FRESH FISH...

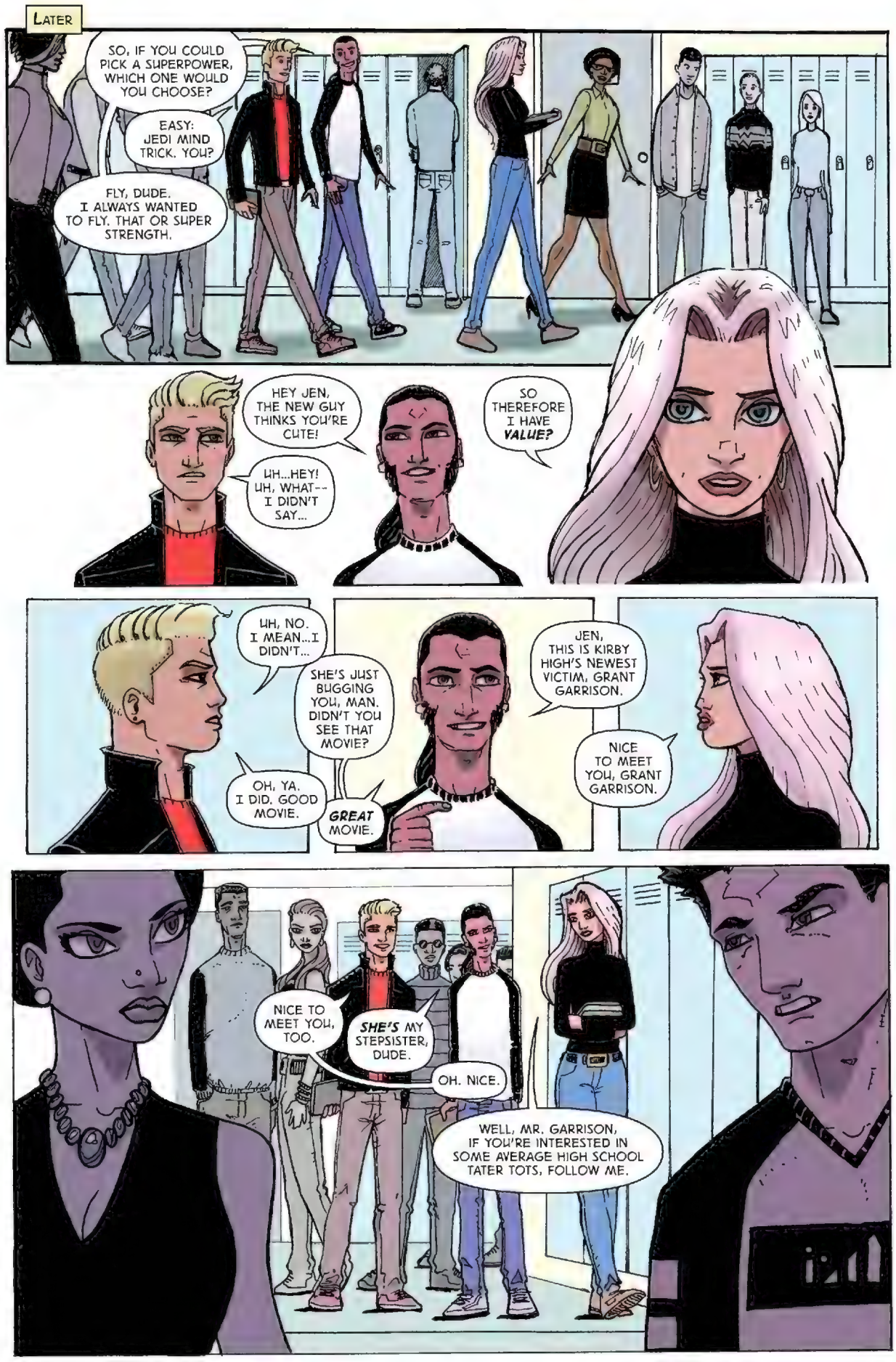
THIS PLACE IS KINDA CLIQUEY, SO JUST STICK BY ME AND I'LL TRY TO HELP NAVIGATE.
COOL.

YOU CAN'T SIT HERE. THIS IS WHERE I SIT.
OH MAN, ARE YOU THE *JOCK CLICHÉ* AT THIS SCHOOL?
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, DUDE?! YOU DON'T SIT HERE. YOU SIT AT THE FRONT BECAUSE YOU TOLD MRS. SMITH YOU COULDN'T READ THE BLACKBOARD, AND THAT'S WHY YOU'RE FAILING. NOT A SMART MOVE IF YOU ASK--
I DIDN'T! THIS IS BETWEEN ME AND *BLONDIE* HERE.
SO CLICHÉD.

TRAVIS, WHY DON'T YOU JUST BE A GOOD BOY AND LEAVE OUR NEW CLASSMATE ALONE?

MR. DUMBLEDORE, I HOPE YOU ARE HELPING TO ASSIST OUR NEW STUDENT IN ACCLIMATING TO HIS NEW ENVIRONMENT?

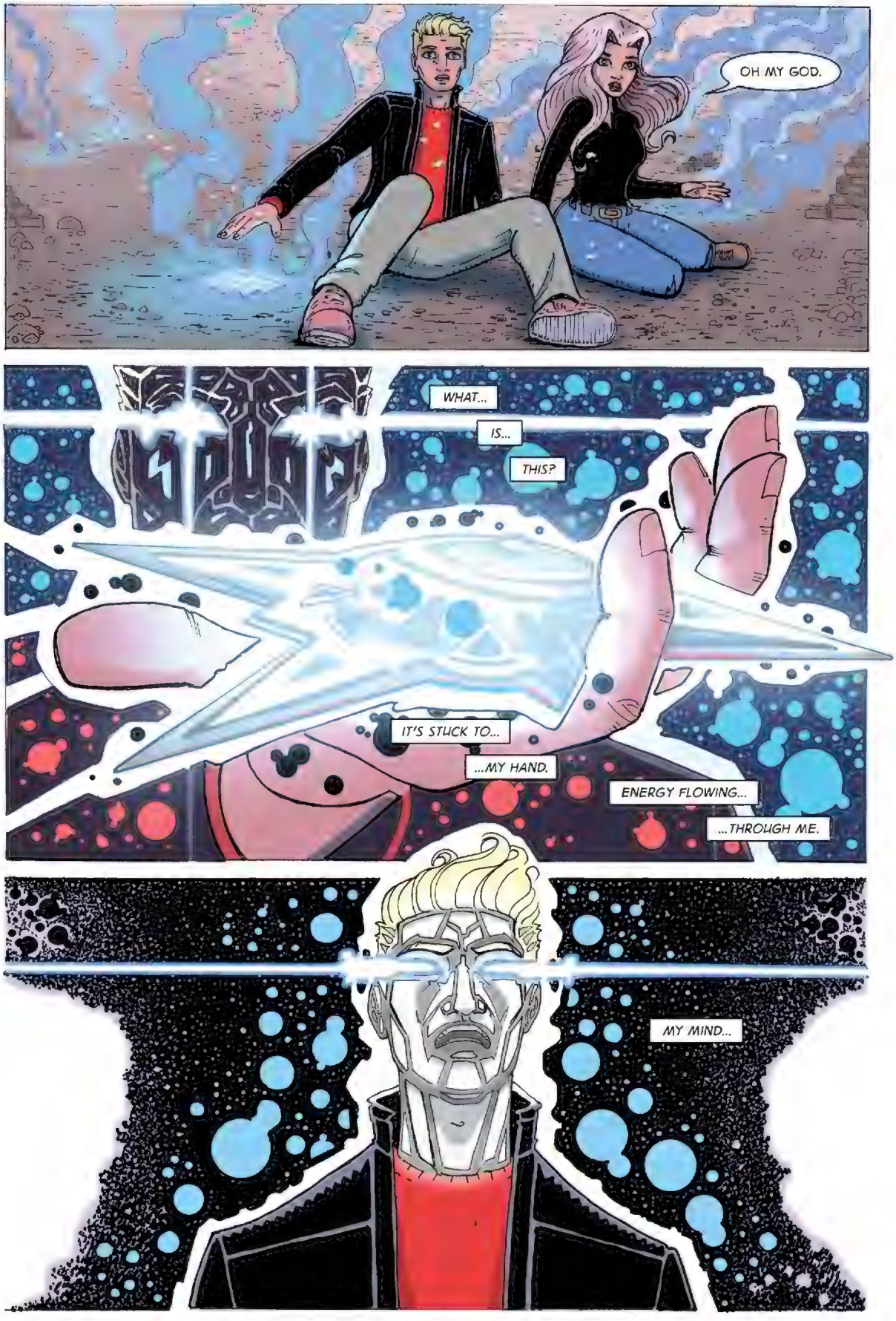
UHHH...
THAT'S ***EXACTLY*** WHAT HE WAS DOING, MRS. SMITH.
UH, YEAH... ACCLIMATE.
"DUMBLEDORE." NICE. THANKS FOR THE HELP.
YEAH, DUMBLEDORE. TAKE YOUR ***BROOMSTICK*** TO THE FRONT OF THE CLASS!
THAT'LL BE ENOUGH OUT OF YOU, MR. SANCHEZ. WELCOME TO KIRBY HIGH, MR. GARRISON.
THANKS.


LATER
SO, IF YOU COULD PICK A SUPERPOWER, WHICH ONE WOULD YOU CHOOSE?
EASY: JEDI MIND TRICK. YOU?
FLY, DUDE. I ALWAYS WANTED TO FLY. THAT OR SUPER STRENGTH.
HEY JEN, THE NEW GUY THINKS YOU'RE CUTE!
UH...HEY! UH, WHAT-- I DIDN'T SAY...
SO THEREFORE I HAVE VALUE?
UH, NO. I MEAN...I DIDN'T...
SHE'S JUST BUGGING YOU, MAN. DIDN'T YOU SEE THAT MOVIE?
OH, YA. I DID. GOOD MOVIE.
GREAT MOVIE.
JEN, THIS IS KIRBY HIGH'S NEWEST VICTIM, GRANT GARRISON.
NICE TO MEET YOU, GRANT GARRISON.
NICE TO MEET YOU, TOO.
SHE'S MY STEPSISTER, DUDE.
OH. NICE.
WELL, MR. GARRISON, IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN SOME AVERAGE HIGH SCHOOL TATER TOTS, FOLLOW ME.

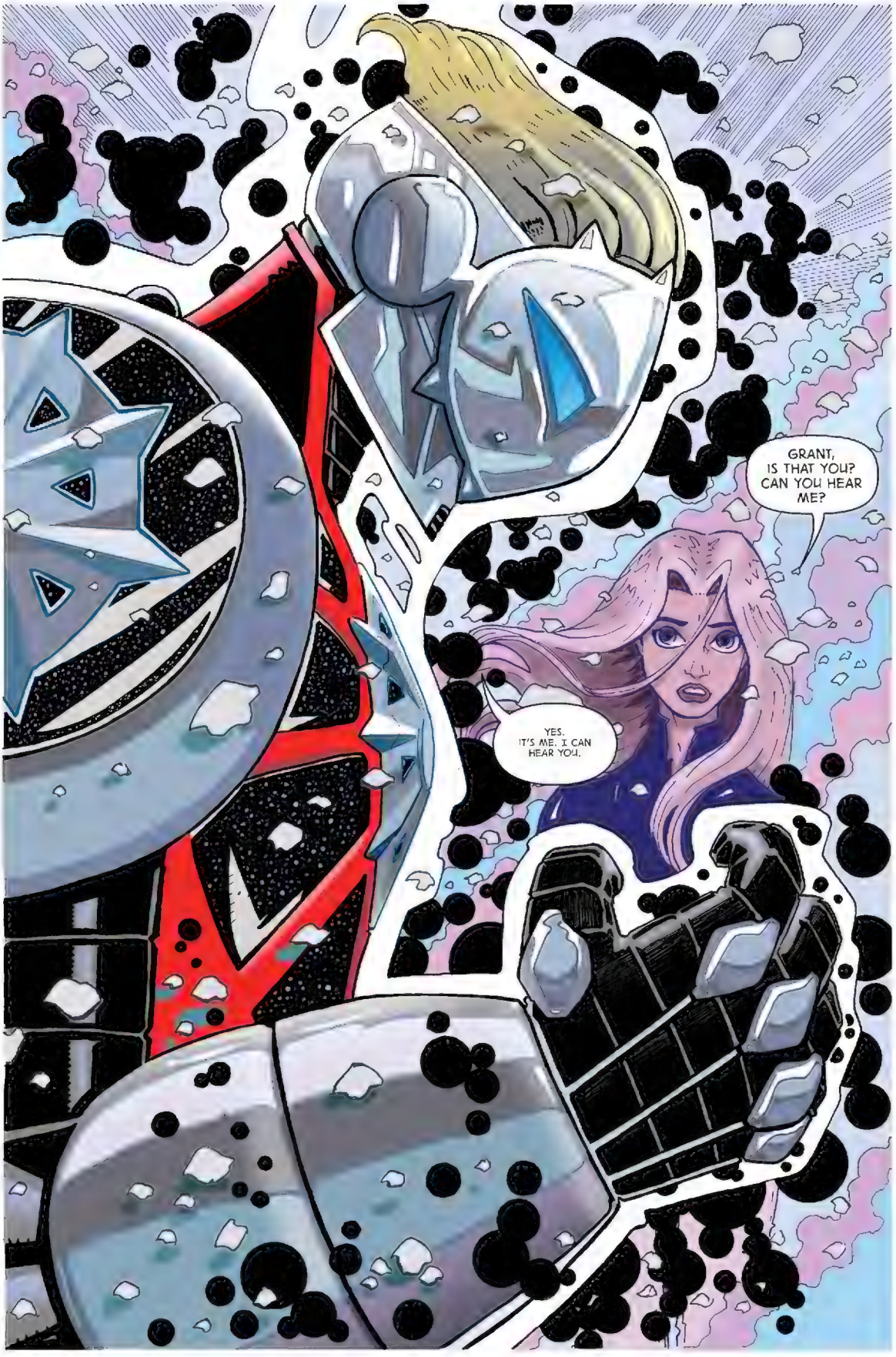
KIRBY HIGH LUNCHPORT: YOU'LL NEVER FIND A MORE WRETCHED HIVE OF SCUM AND VILLAINY. YOU MUST BE CAUTIOUS...
...ESPECIALLY OF THE CHILI.
HEY! SMART ASS!
...
ARE YOU OKAY?
YEAH, DUDE. YOU LOOK A LITTLE PALE.
MOMMA... ⇒SOB⇐
OH MY GOD.

JEN!
JEN! ARE YOU OKAY?!
WHAT HAPPENED?
WHERE IS EVERYBODY?
I DON'T KNOW. EVERYONE JUST ***DISAPPEARED.*** IT'S JUST US!
AM I ***DREAMING?***
WHAT IS ***THAT*** OVER THERE?

HOLY SHIT! WHAT IS THAT?
THIS *MUST* BE A DREAM.
RRRRRRRARGH!
WHAT DO WE DO?
WE NEED TO GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!
GRRRRRRR


OH MY GOD.
WHAT...
IS...
THIS?
IT'S STUCK TO...
...MY HAND.
ENERGY FLOWING...
...THROUGH ME.
MY MIND...

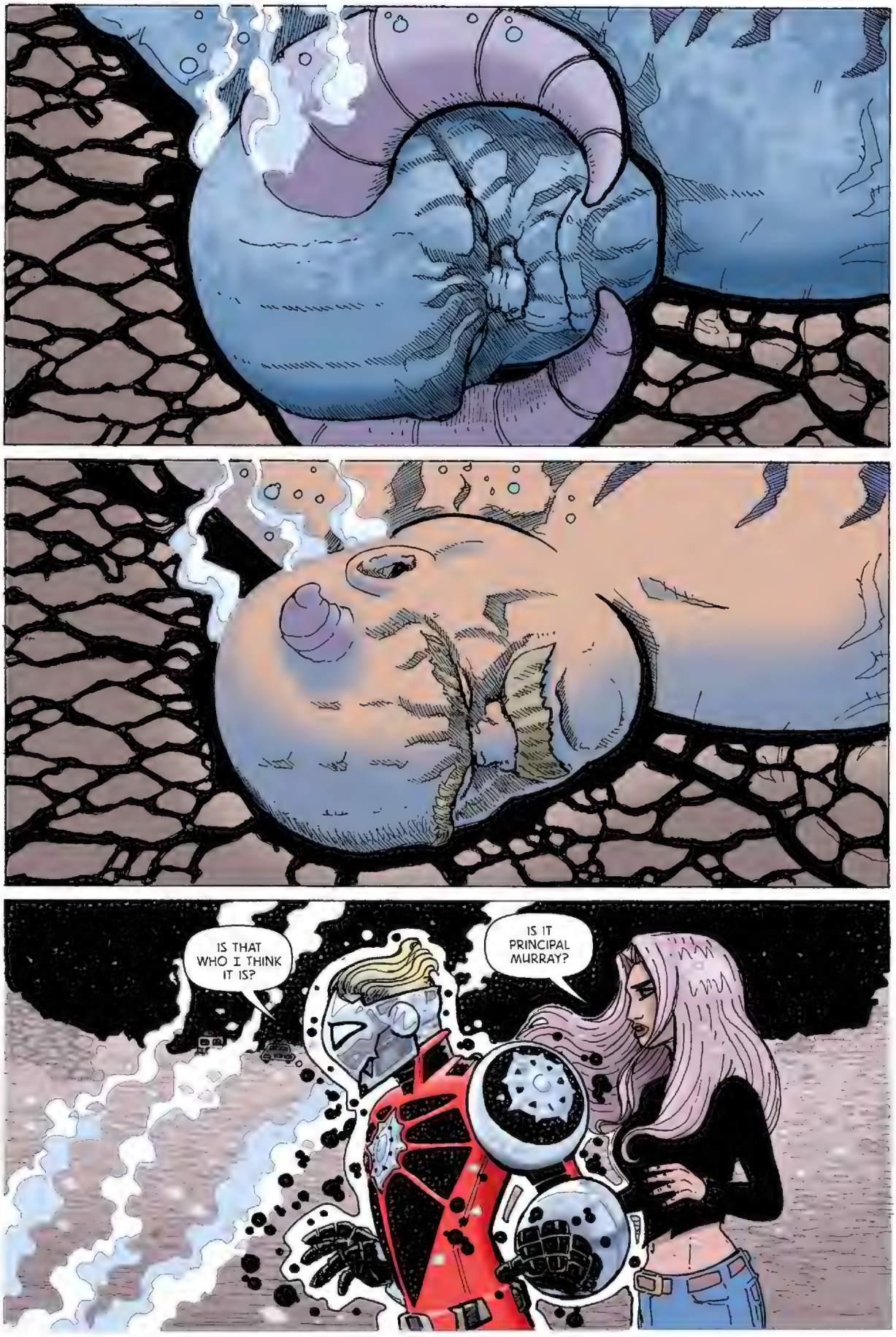
AWAKENING!

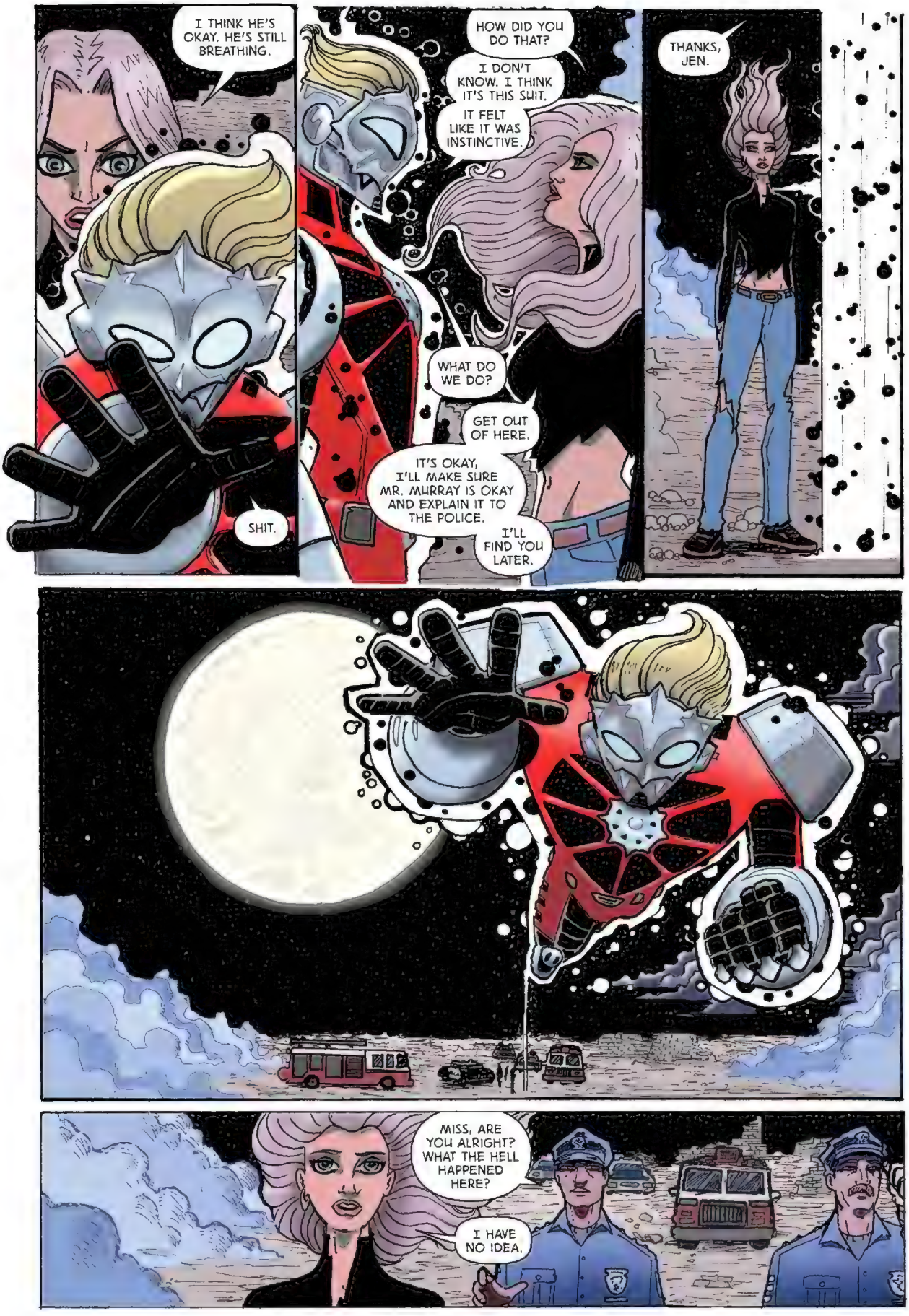

GRANT, IS THAT YOU? CAN YOU HEAR ME?
YES. IT'S ME. I CAN HEAR YOU.

WHAT IS HAPPENING? WHAT ARE YOU?
I REMEMBERED FOR A MOMENT, BUT THE MOMENT HAS PASSED.
WHAT IS THAT THING? IS IT GOING TO KILL US?
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!
UH, DOO YOOU SPEEAK ENG...
RRRRRRR

RRRAAARGH!!!
WHACK
OW. GUESS NOT.
SO MUCH FOR TALKING IT OUT.
DON'T WORRY...
GRANT!
...I GOT HIM ON THE ROPES!

I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT, BUT MAYBE THIS WILL COOL YOU OFF!
ZAP
UUURRRGH
THUD
GROAN

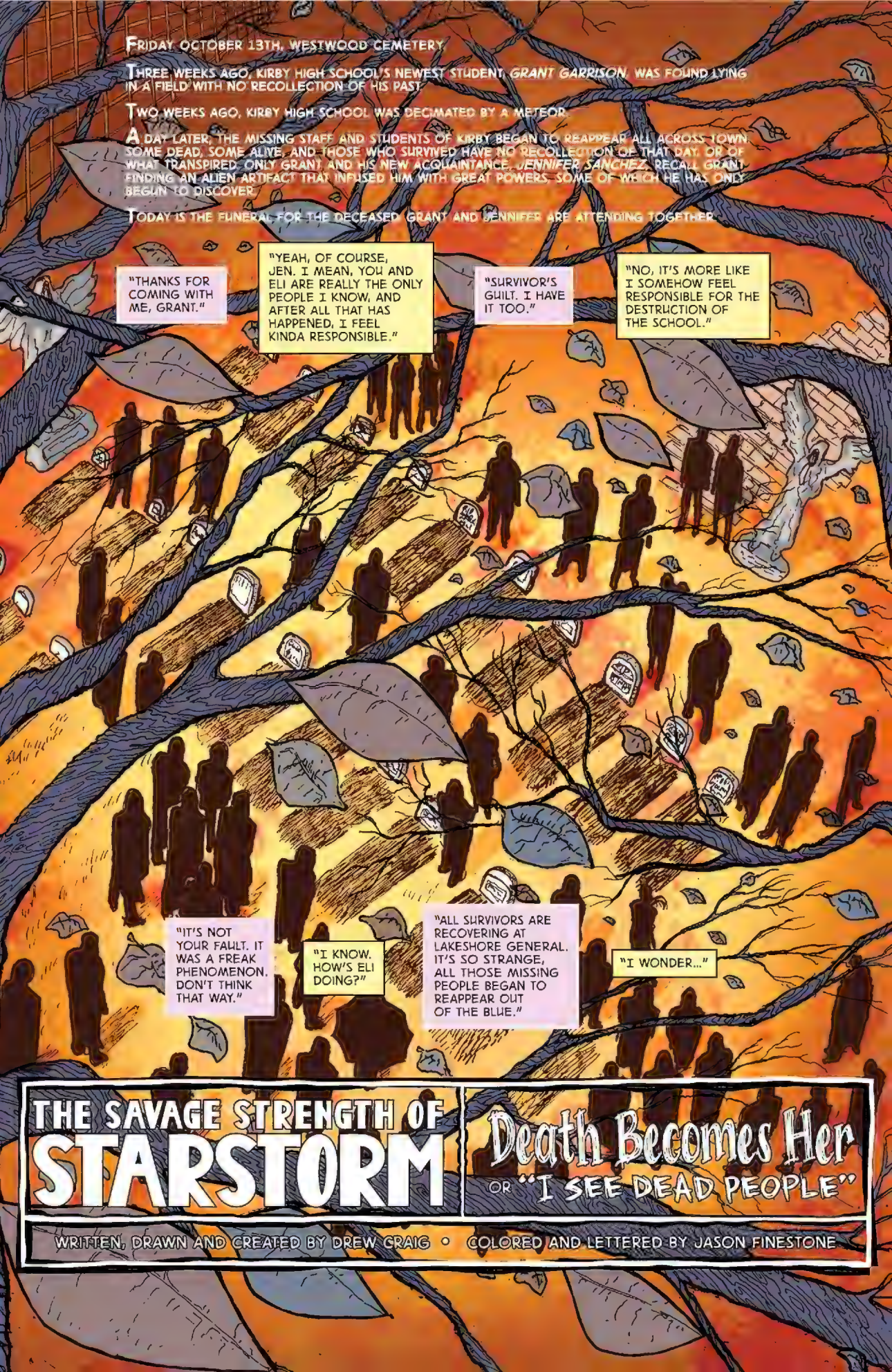

IS THAT WHO I THINK IT IS?
IS IT PRINCIPAL MURRAY?

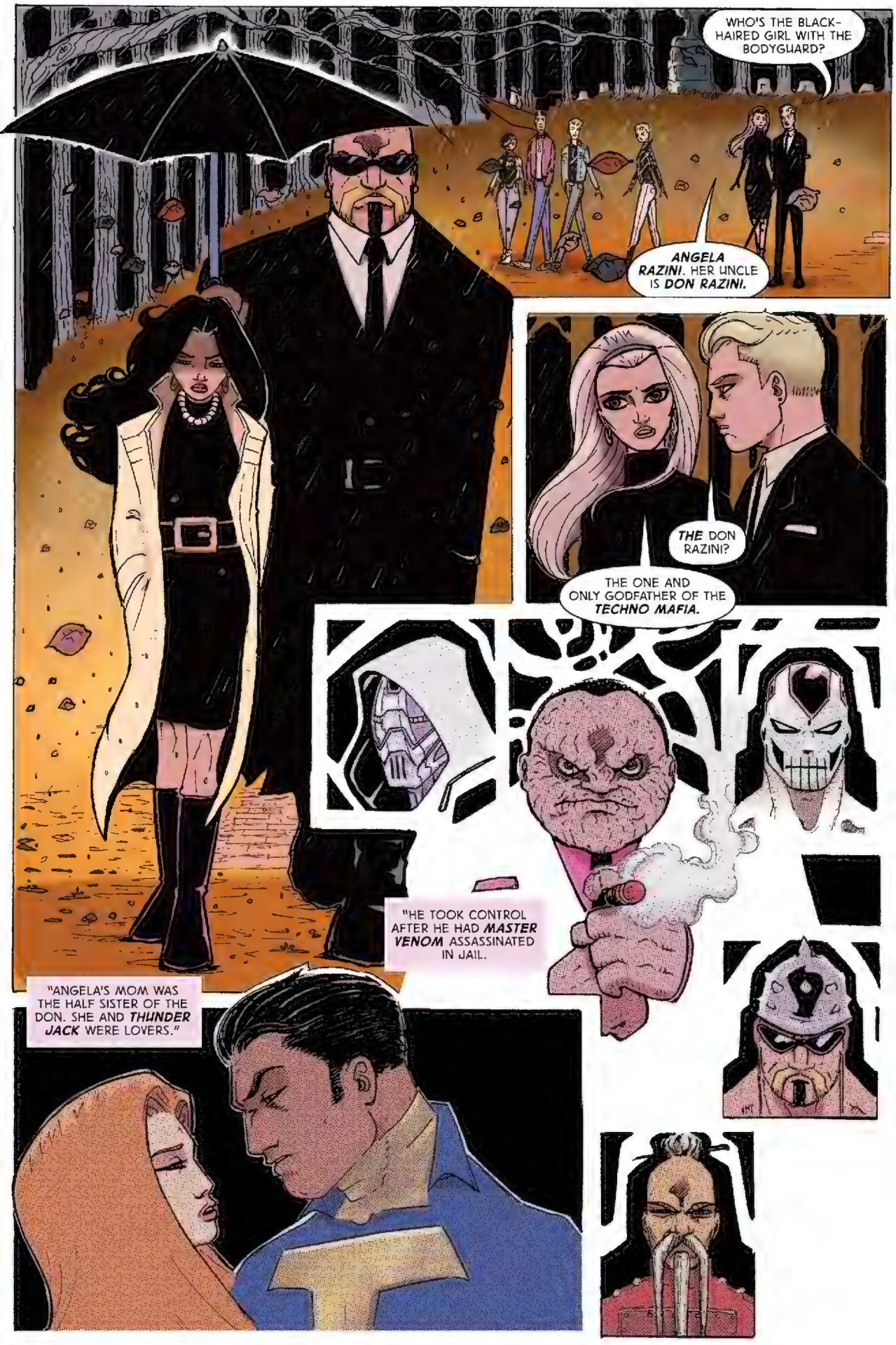

I THINK HE'S OKAY. HE'S STILL BREATHING.
SHIT.
HOW DID YOU DO THAT?
I DON'T KNOW. I THINK IT'S THIS SUIT.
IT FELT LIKE IT WAS INSTINCTIVE.
WHAT DO WE DO?
GET OUT OF HERE.
IT'S OKAY, I'LL MAKE SURE MR. MURRAY IS OKAY AND EXPLAIN IT TO THE POLICE.
I'LL FIND YOU LATER.
THANKS, JEN.
MISS, ARE YOU ALRIGHT? WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED HERE?
I HAVE NO IDEA.

REN X'ANTH LOG #7219:
CURRENT POSITION ON THE CUSP OF THE OUTER RIM.
X9 HAS LOCATED AN ENERGY SIGNATURE THAT IS COMPATIBLE WITH THAT OF THE SHARD WEAPON.
COULD IT BE AT LONG LAST I HAVE LOCATED THE WEAPON AND ITS WIELDER? ONLY TIME WILL TELL. YET THERE IS LITTLE TO SPARE.
X9, WHAT IS OUR CURRENT STATUS?
THE ENERGY SIGNATURE IS CLOSE, SIR.
IT IS LOCATED ON THE THIRD PLANET FROM THE CENTER OF THIS SOLAR SYSTEM.
SHALL I COORDINATE THE FLIGHT PATH?
MAKE IT SO, X9.
"PROCEEDING TO SECTOR #389."

CHAPTER TWO

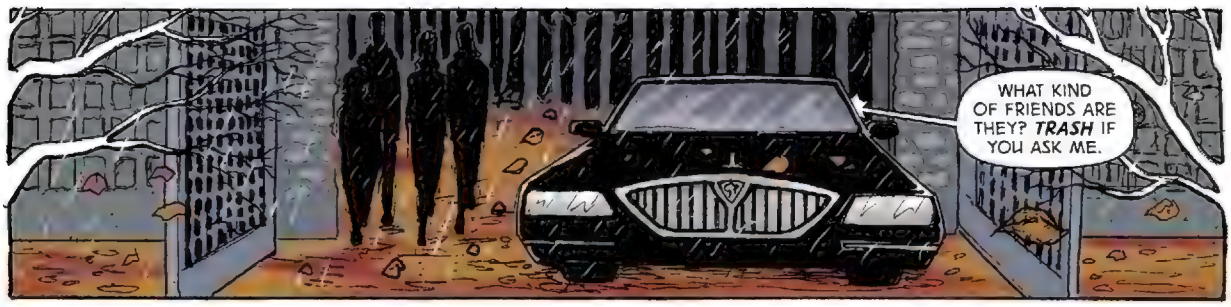
DEATH BECOMES HER OR "I SEE DEAD PEOPLE"


FRIDAY OCTOBER 13TH, WESTWOOD CEMETERY
THREE WEEKS AGO, KIRBY HIGH SCHOOL'S NEWEST STUDENT, GRANT GARRISON, WAS FOUND LYING IN A FIELD WITH NO RECOLLECTION OF HIS PAST.
TWO WEEKS AGO, KIRBY HIGH SCHOOL WAS DECIMATED BY A METEOR.
A DAY LATER, THE MISSING STAFF AND STUDENTS OF KIRBY BEGAN TO REAPPEAR ALL ACROSS TOWN. SOME DEAD, SOME ALIVE, AND THOSE WHO SURVIVED HAVE NO RECOLLECTION OF THAT DAY. OR OF WHAT TRANSPIRED. ONLY GRANT, AND HIS NEW ACQUAINTANCE, JENNIFER SANCHEZ, RECALL GRANT FINDING AN ALIEN ARTIFACT THAT INFUSED HIM WITH GREAT POWERS, SOME OF WHICH HE HAS ONLY BEGUN TO DISCOVER.
TODAY IS THE FUNERAL FOR THE DECEASED. GRANT AND JENNIFER ARE ATTENDING TOGETHER.
"THANKS FOR COMING WITH ME, GRANT."
"YEAH, OF COURSE, JEN. I MEAN, YOU AND ELI ARE REALLY THE ONLY PEOPLE I KNOW, AND AFTER ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED, I FEEL KINDA RESPONSIBLE."
"SURVIVOR'S GUILT. I HAVE IT TOO."
"NO, IT'S MORE LIKE I SOMEHOW FEEL RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF THE SCHOOL."
"IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT. IT WAS A FREAK PHENOMENON. DON'T THINK THAT WAY."
"I KNOW. HOW'S ELI DOING?"
"ALL SURVIVORS ARE RECOVERING AT LAKESHORE GENERAL. IT'S SO STRANGE, ALL THOSE MISSING PEOPLE BEGAN TO REAPPEAR OUT OF THE BLUE."
"I WONDER..."
THE SAVAGE STRENGTH OF STARSTORM
Death Becomes Her
OR "I SEE DEAD PEOPLE"
WRITTEN, DRAWN AND CREATED BY DREW CRAIG • COLORED AND LETTERED BY JASON FINESTONE


WHO'S THE BLACK-HAIRED GIRL WITH THE BODYGUARD?
ANGELA RAZINI. HER UNCLE IS DON RAZINI.
THE DON RAZINI?
THE ONE AND ONLY GODFATHER OF THE TECHNO MAFIA.
"HE TOOK CONTROL AFTER HE HAD MASTER VENOM ASSASSINATED IN JAIL.
"ANGELA'S MOM WAS THE HALF SISTER OF THE DON. SHE AND THUNDER JACK WERE LOVERS."

"THUNDER JACK? FROM THE FIRST *OMEGA SQUADRON*?"
"I THOUGHT YOU HAD NO MEMORY!"
"I REMEMBER SOME THINGS, THUNDER JACK DIED, RIGHT?"
"YES. AND ANGELA'S MOM DIED BEFORE THAT IN A CAR ACCIDENT.
"RUMOR IS THAT THE *IRON ASSASSIN* KILLED JACK, BUT EVERYONE KNOWS WHO GAVE THE ORDER."
"SUCKS, THUNDER JACK WAS A GOOD ONE."
"HE WAS. I'M SURE ANGELA WOULD LEAVE, BUT SHE'S STILL A MINOR, AND SHE WAS COURT ORDERED TO STAY WITH HER UNCLE. SHE REALLY HAS NOWHERE ELSE TO GO SINCE HER PARENTS WERE KILLED."
"WHAT'S SHE LIKE?"
"I ALWAYS LIKED HER. RUMOR HAS IT THAT SHE'S BEEN TRAINING WITH THE DON'S *ASSASSINS GUILD*, SO MOST KIDS ARE AFRAID OF HER."
NO DOUBT, THAT'S QUITE THE STORY. THE LOVE CHILD OF A MAFIA PRINCESS AND A SUPERHERO.
"YEAH, BUT SHE HAS THE HEART OF AN ARTIST, SHE USED TO SING IN A BAND CALLED *THE OUTCASTS* UNTIL HER UNCLE PUT AN END TO IT."
"WHAT A JERK."
"YEAH."

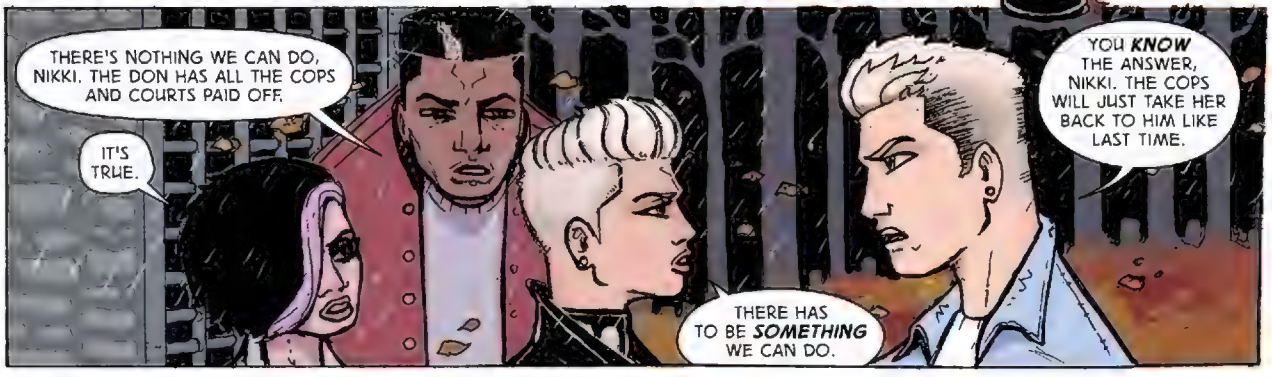
I TOLD YOU, I DON'T WANT YOU ASSOCIATING WITH THAT RIFF RAFF.
MY FRIENDS.
"ARE THOSE HER FRIENDS?"
"YEAH, THAT'S THEM, THE OUTCASTS."


WHAT KIND OF FRIENDS ARE THEY? *TRASH* IF YOU ASK ME.

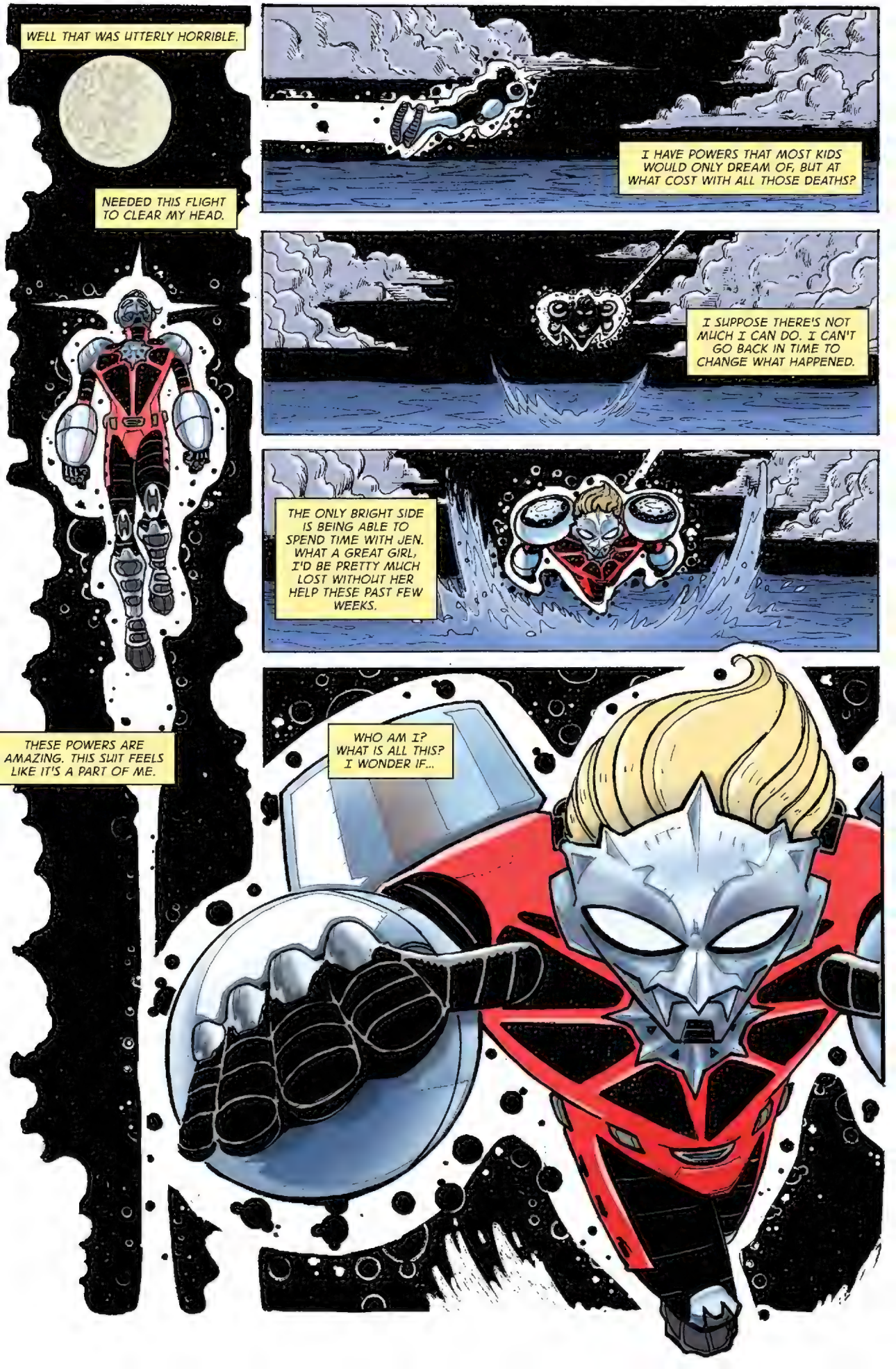
THAT'S BECAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT TRUE FRIENDS *ARE.*

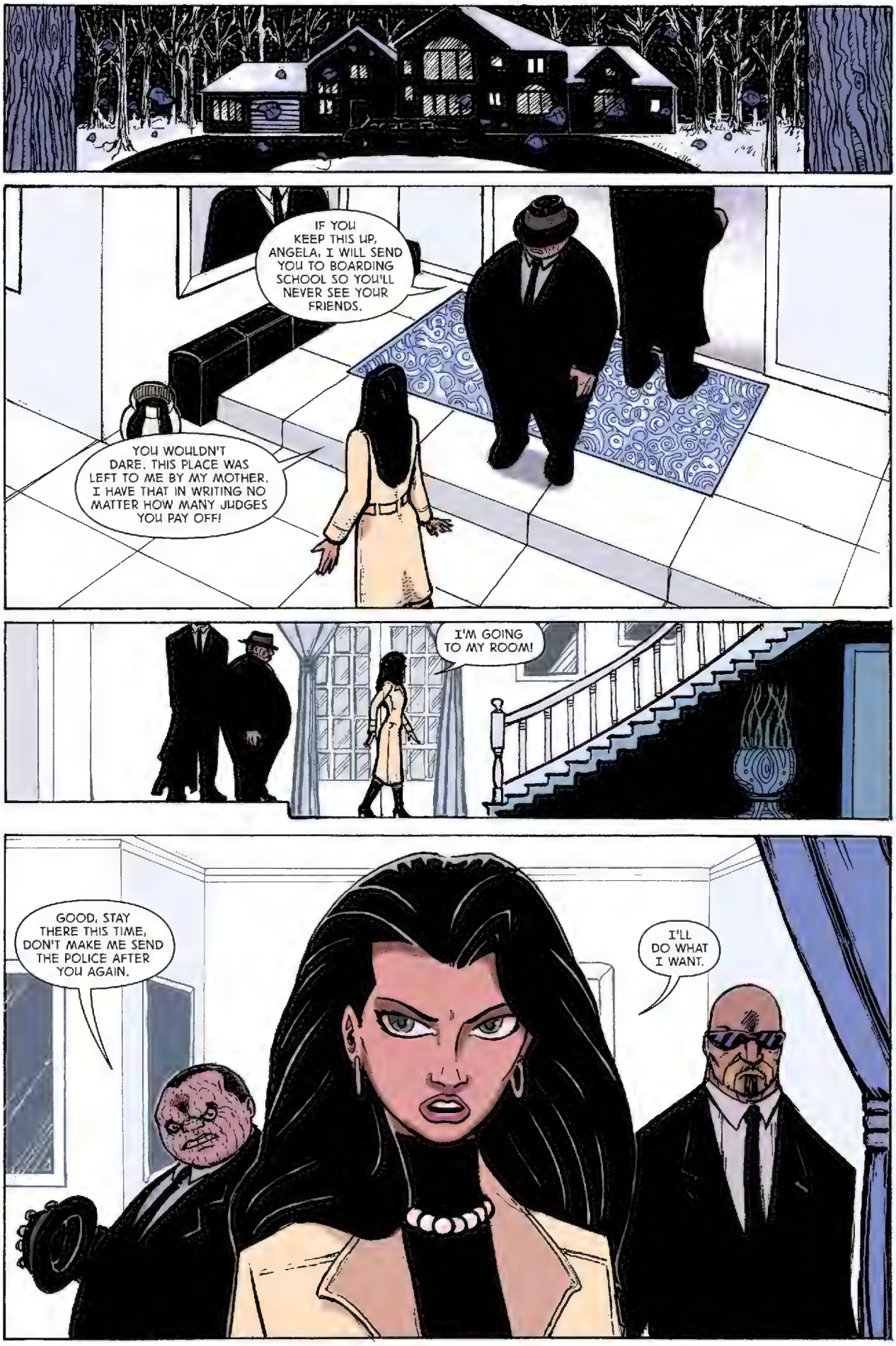
THAT *BASTARD.*
DON'T CRY, NIKKI.

I WON'T HAVE YOU ASSOCIATING WITH THEM WHEN YOU START AT YOUR NEW SCHOOL. I WON'T HAVE MY NIECE RUNNING AROUND WITH *GARBAGE.*


THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO, NIKKI. THE DON HAS ALL THE COPS AND COURTS PAID OFF.
IT'S TRUE.
YOU *KNOW* THE ANSWER, NIKKI. THE COPS WILL JUST TAKE HER BACK TO HIM LIKE LAST TIME.
THERE HAS TO BE *SOMETHING* WE CAN DO.

WHY IS ALL THIS TERRIBLE STUFF HAPPENING?
IT'S STOPPED RAINING.
IT CAN'T RAIN ALL THE TIME.
IN LOVING MEMORY OF THOSE LOST ALONG THE WAY
H.H./R.A./M.W./
J.R./A.C./R.A./
C.P.L./R.A./B.S./
D.S.C./A.D./C.H./


WELL THAT WAS UTTERLY HORRIBLE.
NEEDED THIS FLIGHT TO CLEAR MY HEAD.
I HAVE POWERS THAT MOST KIDS WOULD ONLY DREAM OF, BUT AT WHAT COST WITH ALL THOSE DEATHS?
I SUPPOSE THERE'S NOT MUCH I CAN DO. I CAN'T GO BACK IN TIME TO CHANGE WHAT HAPPENED.
THE ONLY BRIGHT SIDE IS BEING ABLE TO SPEND TIME WITH JEN. WHAT A GREAT GIRL, I'D BE PRETTY MUCH LOST WITHOUT HER HELP THESE PAST FEW WEEKS.
THESE POWERS ARE AMAZING. THIS SUIT FEELS LIKE IT'S A PART OF ME.
WHO AM I? WHAT IS ALL THIS? I WONDER IF...


IF YOU KEEP THIS UP, ANGELA, I WILL SEND YOU TO BOARDING SCHOOL SO YOU'LL NEVER SEE YOUR FRIENDS.
YOU WOULDN'T DARE. THIS PLACE WAS LEFT TO ME BY MY MOTHER. I HAVE THAT IN WRITING NO MATTER HOW MANY JUDGES YOU PAY OFF!
I'M GOING TO MY ROOM!
GOOD, STAY THERE THIS TIME, DON'T MAKE ME SEND THE POLICE AFTER YOU AGAIN.
I'LL DO WHAT I WANT.

I ALSO KNOW A LITTLE MORE ABOUT YOUR "BUSINESS" THAN YOU GIVE ME CREDIT FOR, SO I'D BE CAREFUL ABOUT WHO YOU'RE THREATENING!
SLAM
I NEED TO GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE.

HEY THERE.
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?
THE AWAKENING
SUPER 6
THE SMITHS

OKAY, LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN SEE.

WHO WAS THE NEW KID WITH JEN?
BEATS ME. I DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING FROM LAST WEEK, LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.
SAME.
I JUST REMEMBER WAKING UP IN TERRA COTTA PARK WITH EVERYONE.
EVER SINCE THEN, I'VE FELT STRANGE...
HOLY SHIT! JOHNNY, LOOK!
JOHNNY...
I KNOW! I KNOW! HOLD ON!!!
VR

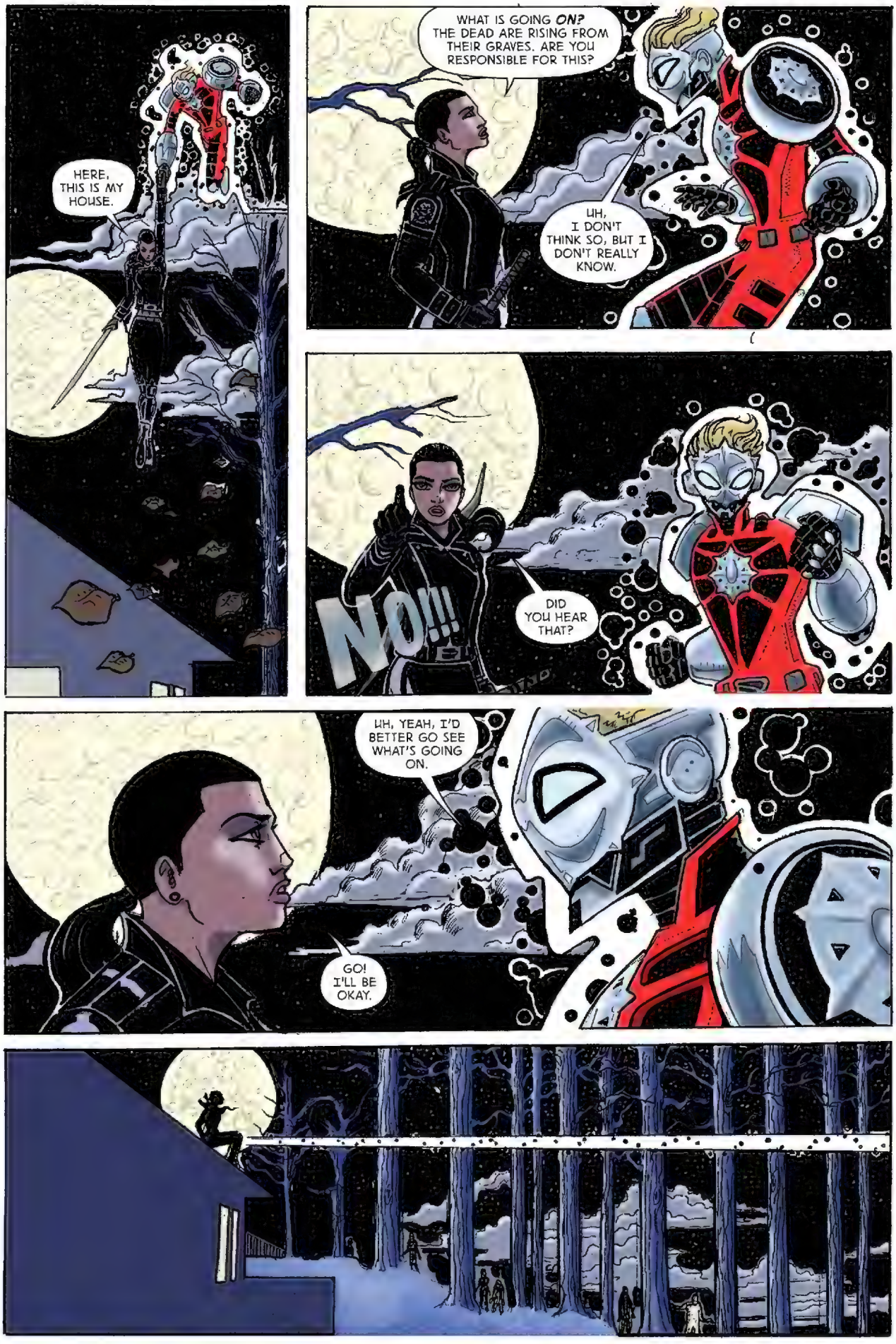
HEY, WHAT'S A NICE GIRL LIKE YOU DOING IN THIS NECK OF THE WOODS?
WHAT ARE YOU?
WELL, UMM, I'M STILL TRYING TO FIGURE THAT OUT.
BEHIND ME?
BEHIND YOU!

OH CRAP!!!
WHAT ARE THESE THINGS?
MY BEST GUESS WOULD BE...
ZOMBIES!

WE NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE, THERE ARE TOO MANY...
UGH, FEEL LIKE I'M BEING DRAINED...
HAVE TO FIGHT.
GET OFF ME!!!
LET'S GO!

UGH, WHAT HAPPENED...
TINA, ARE YOU OKAY?
UUUHHHHGGG, GROAN.
ZOMBIES!

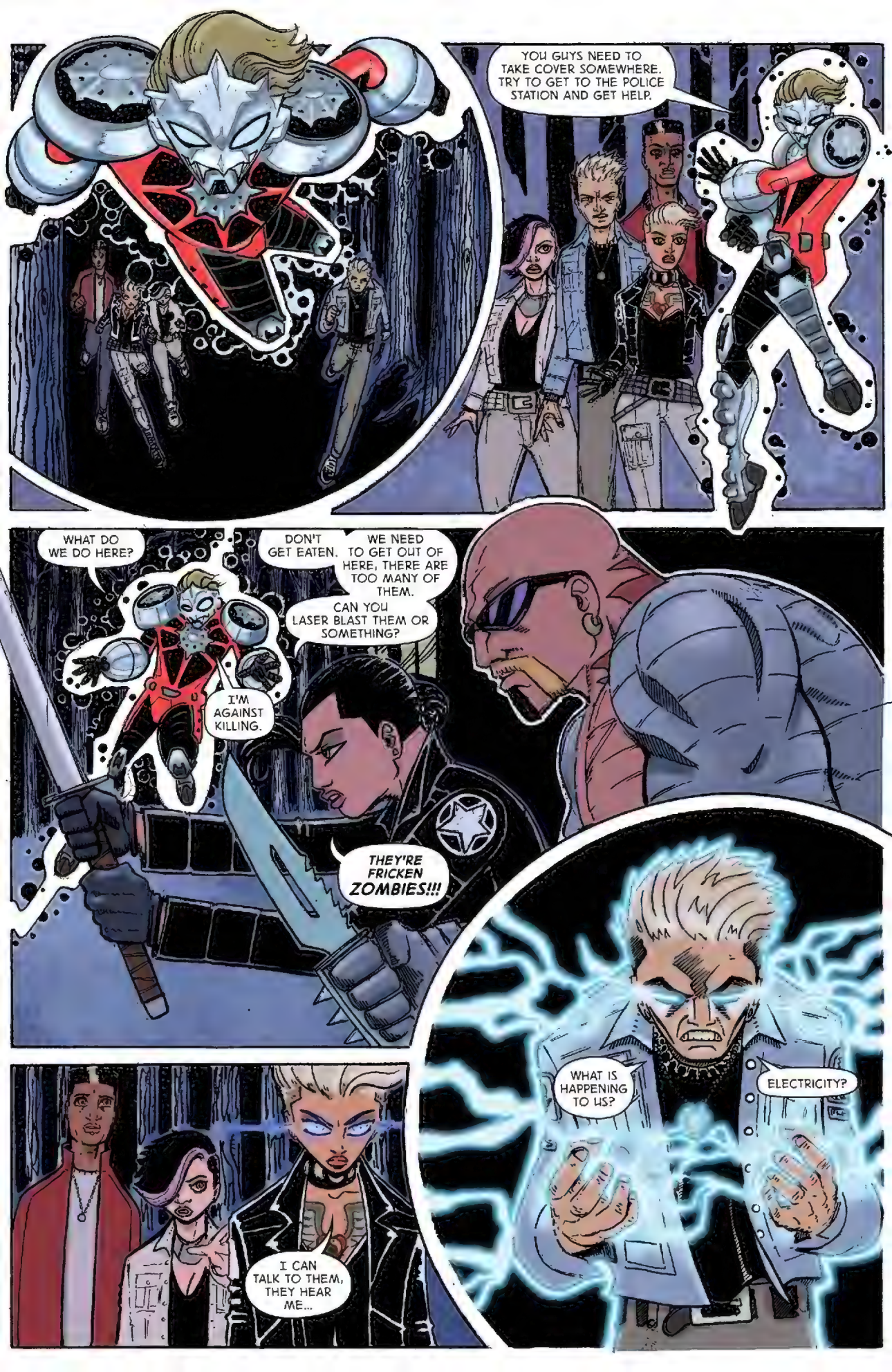
STOP.
NO!!
MOAN.
GROAN.
UHHHGH.


HERE, THIS IS MY HOUSE.
WHAT IS GOING ON? THE DEAD ARE RISING FROM THEIR GRAVES. ARE YOU RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS?
UH, I DON'T THINK SO, BUT I DON'T REALLY KNOW.
NO!!!
DID YOU HEAR THAT?
UH, YEAH, I'D BETTER GO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON.
GO! I'LL BE OKAY.

WELL THIS SUCKS.
I'M JUST HAPPY EVERYONE IS OKAY, BUT GUYS...
HEY, ARE YOU GUYS OKAY? YOU SEE ANY ZOMBIES AROUND HERE?
UH...
UH, HI...

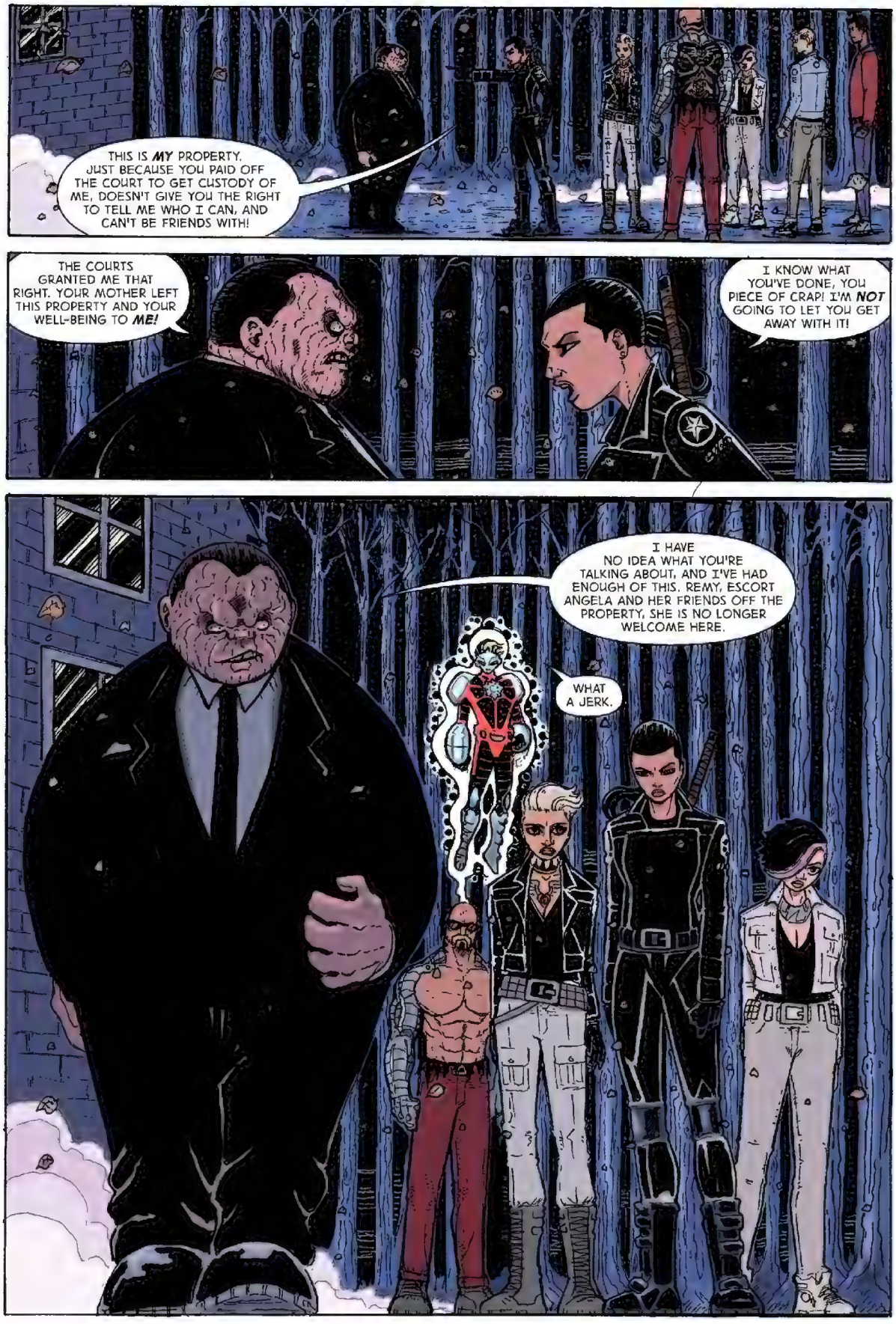
REMY.
GIRL, WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW?
WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE. THE DEAD ARE RISING FROM THEIR GRAVES. I WAS JUST OUT THERE, I SAW IT MYSELF.
HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND, GIRL? WHAT KIND OF DRUGS...
REMY, LOOK OUT!!!

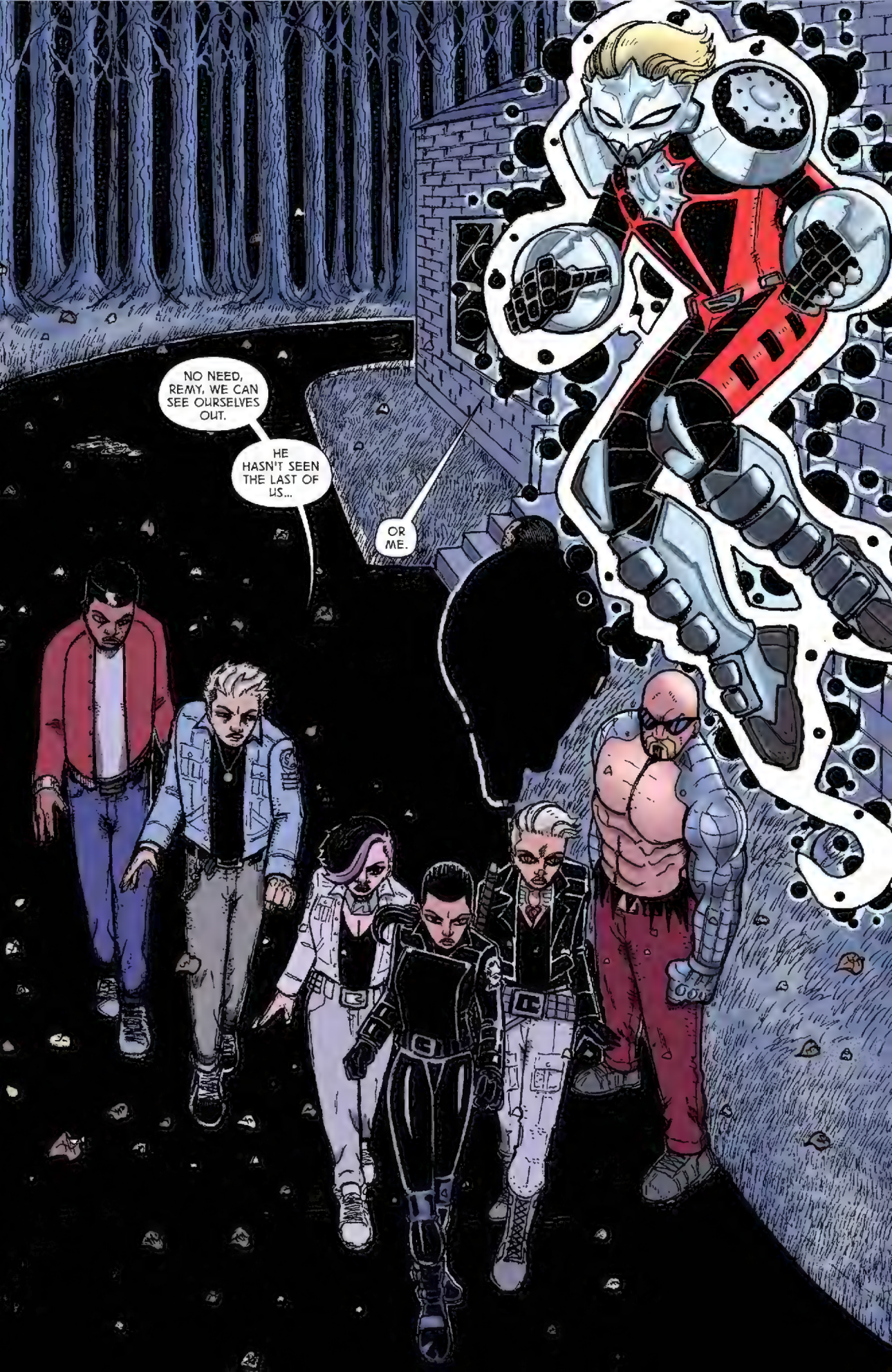
ARRRGH!!!
I'M COMING!
GET THIS THING OFF OF ME!!

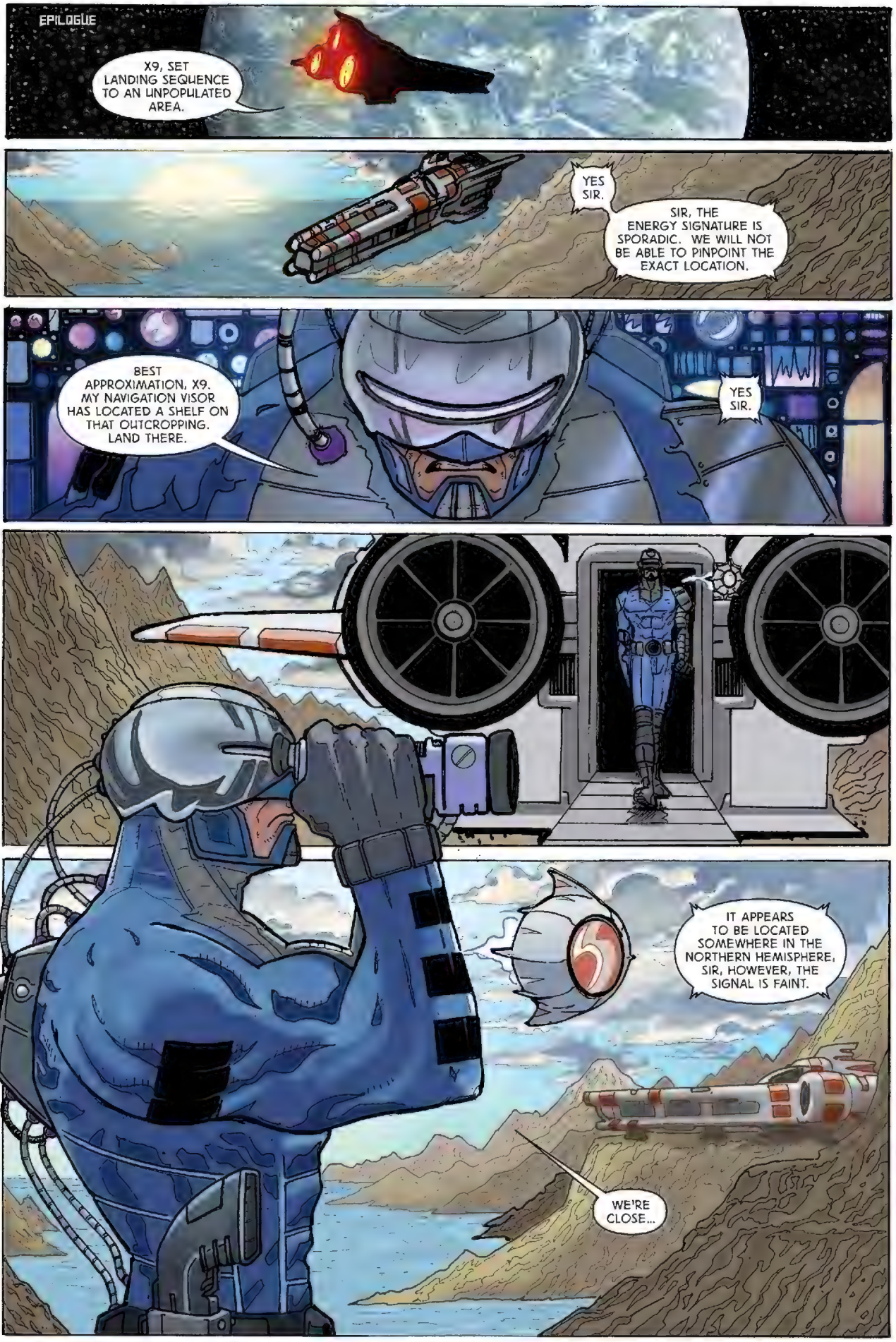

YOU GUYS NEED TO TAKE COVER SOMEWHERE. TRY TO GET TO THE POLICE STATION AND GET HELP.
WHAT DO WE DO HERE?
DON'T GET EATEN.
WE NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE, THERE ARE TOO MANY OF THEM.
CAN YOU LASER BLAST THEM OR SOMETHING?
I'M AGAINST KILLING.
THEY'RE FRICKEN ZOMBIES!!!
WHAT IS HAPPENING TO US?
ELECTRICITY?
I CAN TALK TO THEM, THEY HEAR ME...

WHAT IS HAPPENING RIGHT NOW?
I HAVE NO IDEA.
STOP! YOU DO NOT BELONG HERE! GO BACK TO WHERE YOU CAME FROM!
OH MY GOD, ANGELA!
WHAT IS IT?
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON, NIKKI?!!
MOM?
OH MY GOD! MOM!

AN...GE...LA IIII HAVVE TO TELLLL YOU...
...YOOOUR UN...CLE. HEEEE'S RESPON...SIBLE.
THE IRON A...SSAS...SIN. HE KILLED THEM. HE KILLLLLED US ALLLLL.
DON'T TRUSSST HIMM. GET AWA...GET AWWWAY...
I HAVVVE TO GO. I DON'T BELONNNG HERE.
MOM, I...
YOU HAVE TO LET HER GO, ANGE.
REMY, ESCORT THIS RIFF RAFF OFF OF MY PROPERTY!
I'M GOING TO FINISH THIS ONCE AND FOR ALL.
THIS IS BAD.
THIS IS NECESSARY.


THIS IS MY PROPERTY. JUST BECAUSE YOU PAID OFF THE COURT TO GET CUSTODY OF ME, DOESN'T GIVE YOU THE RIGHT TO TELL ME WHO I CAN, AND CAN'T BE FRIENDS WITH!
THE COURTS GRANTED ME THAT RIGHT. YOUR MOTHER LEFT THIS PROPERTY AND YOUR WELL-BEING TO ME!
I KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE, YOU PIECE OF CRAP! I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU GET AWAY WITH IT!
I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, AND I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS. REMY, ESCORT ANGELA AND HER FRIENDS OFF THE PROPERTY, SHE IS NO LONGER WELCOME HERE.
WHAT A JERK.


NO NEED, REMY, WE CAN SEE OURSELVES OUT.
HE HASN'T SEEN THE LAST OF US...
OR ME.


EPILOGUE
X9, SET LANDING SEQUENCE TO AN UNPOPULATED AREA.
YES SIR.
SIR, THE ENERGY SIGNATURE IS SPORADIC. WE WILL NOT BE ABLE TO PINPOINT THE EXACT LOCATION.
BEST APPROXIMATION, X9. MY NAVIGATION VISOR HAS LOCATED A SHELF ON THAT OUTCROPPING. LAND THERE.
YES SIR.
IT APPEARS TO BE LOCATED SOMEWHERE IN THE NORTHERN HEMISPHERE, SIR, HOWEVER, THE SIGNAL IS FAINT.
WE'RE CLOSE...

CHAPTER THREE

ENTER THE TIGER CLAN
OR "BOUNTY HUNTERS R US"

THE PRINCESS Z'SHAN DRAIGO OF THE DRAGONIAN EMPIRE.
THE SAVAGE STRENGTH OF STARSTORM
ENTER THE TIGER CLAN
"BOUNTY HUNTERS R US"
WRITTEN, DRAWN AND CREATED BY DREW CRAIG • COLORED AND LETTERED BY JASON FINESTONE
TIGER CLAN, WELCOME.
WE SERVE AT THE BEHEST OF THE EMPIRE, MISTRESS. WHAT IS YOUR BIDDING?

BOUNTY HUNTERS OF THE IMPERIUM

MASTER TIGER

TIGRAX

TIGER LI

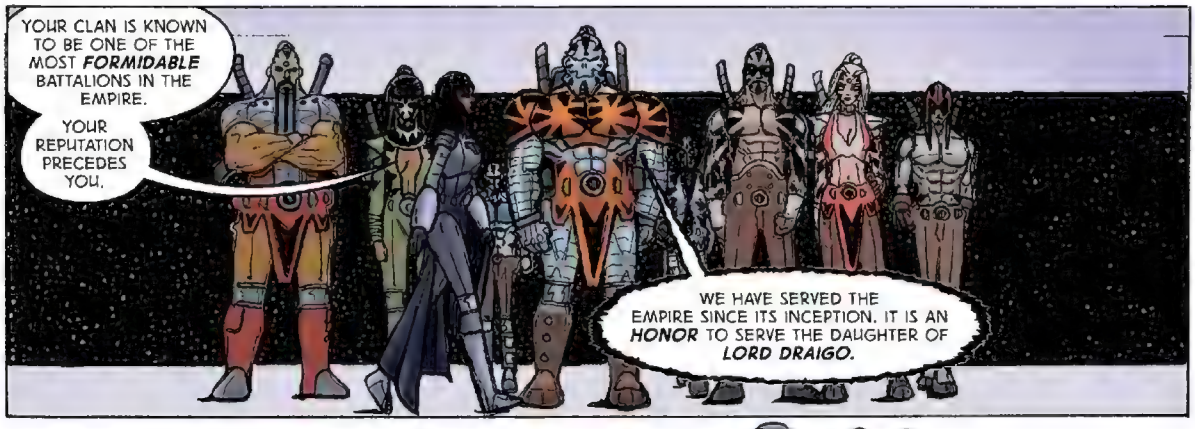
TIGER LIN

TIGRON

TIGRESS

TIGER SOLDIER

GRAND TIGER TAI


YOUR CLAN IS KNOWN TO BE ONE OF THE MOST *FORMIDABLE* BATTALIONS IN THE EMPIRE.
YOUR REPUTATION PRECEDES YOU.
WE HAVE SERVED THE EMPIRE SINCE ITS INCEPTION. IT IS AN *HONOR* TO SERVE THE DAUGHTER OF *LORD DRAIGO.*

I AM ENTRUSTING THIS TASK TO YOU AND YOUR CLAN; THIS MISSION IS TO BE KEPT AMONG *US.* YOU SERVE AND REPORT TO ME *DIRECTLY.* IS THAT *UNDERSTOOD?*
IT IS, MISTRESS.
THE MISSION IS TO ACQUIRE THE *SHARSRUM.*
THE WEAPON?
YES.

HOW ARE WE TO *LOCATE* THE WEAPON? IT HAS BEEN MISSING FOR *MANY* YEARS.

I HAVE LOCATED IT WITH *THIS.*
IT IS LOCATED ON THE THIRD PLANET IN THIS SOLAR SYSTEM.
DELIVER THE WEAPON TO ME, *MASTER TIGER,* DO *NOT* FAIL IN THIS TASK.
WE WILL NOT FAIL, *MISTRESS Z'SHAN.*

OH GEEZ!

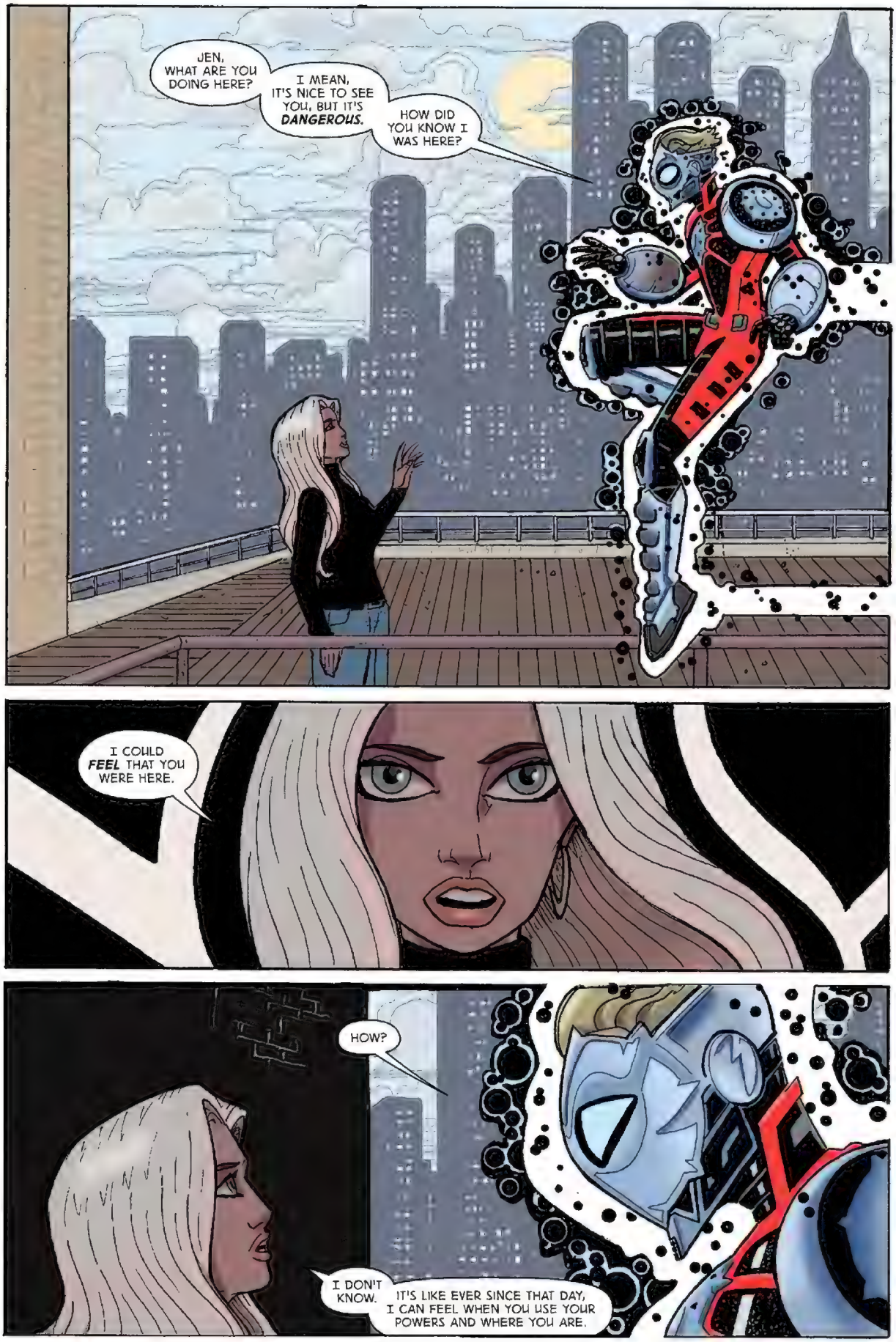
BAD IDEA...

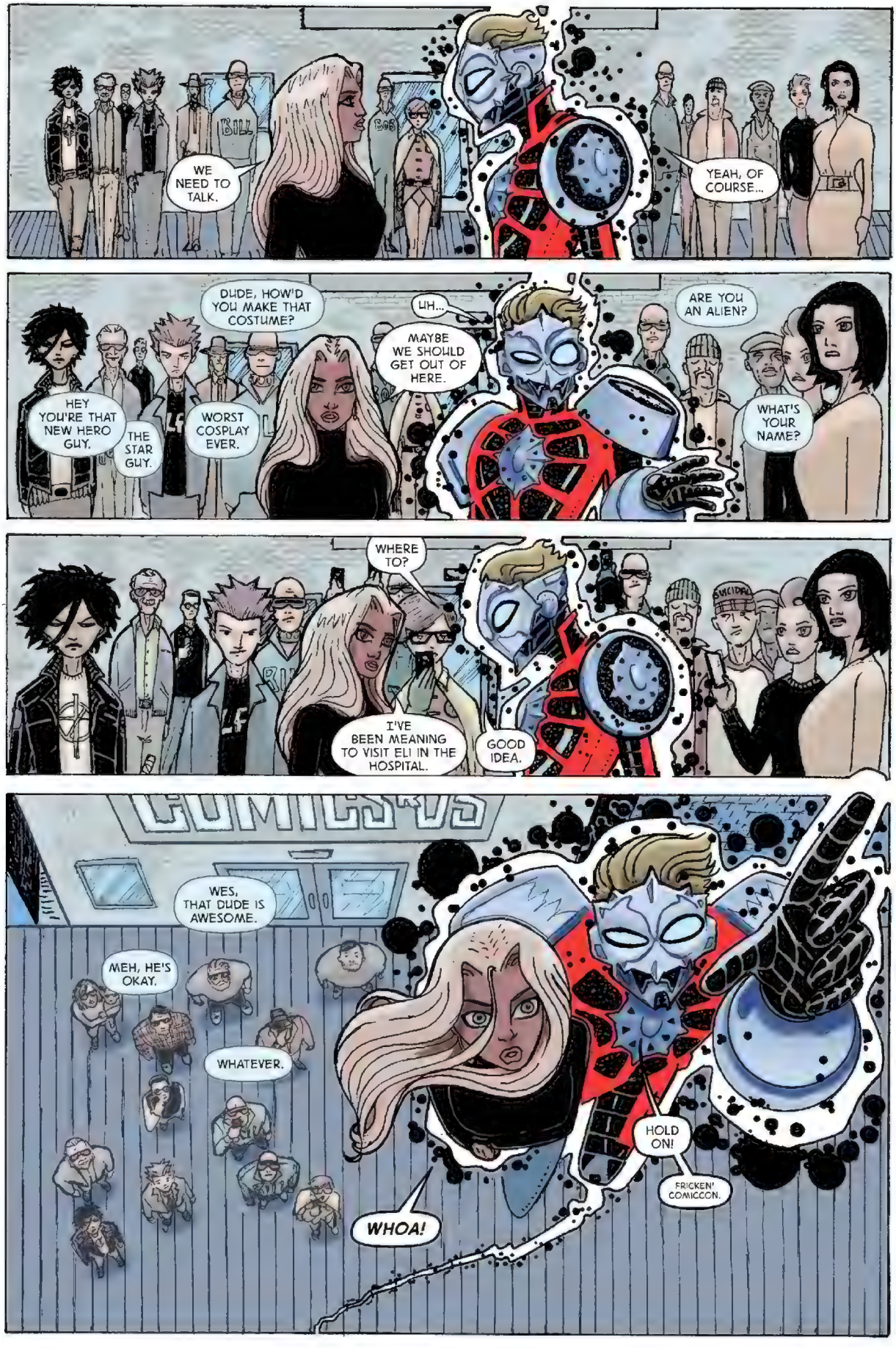
CRAP!

ROAR!

BOOM!
ACK, GROSS.
FROGS?
RIBBIT
RIBBIT
RIBBIT

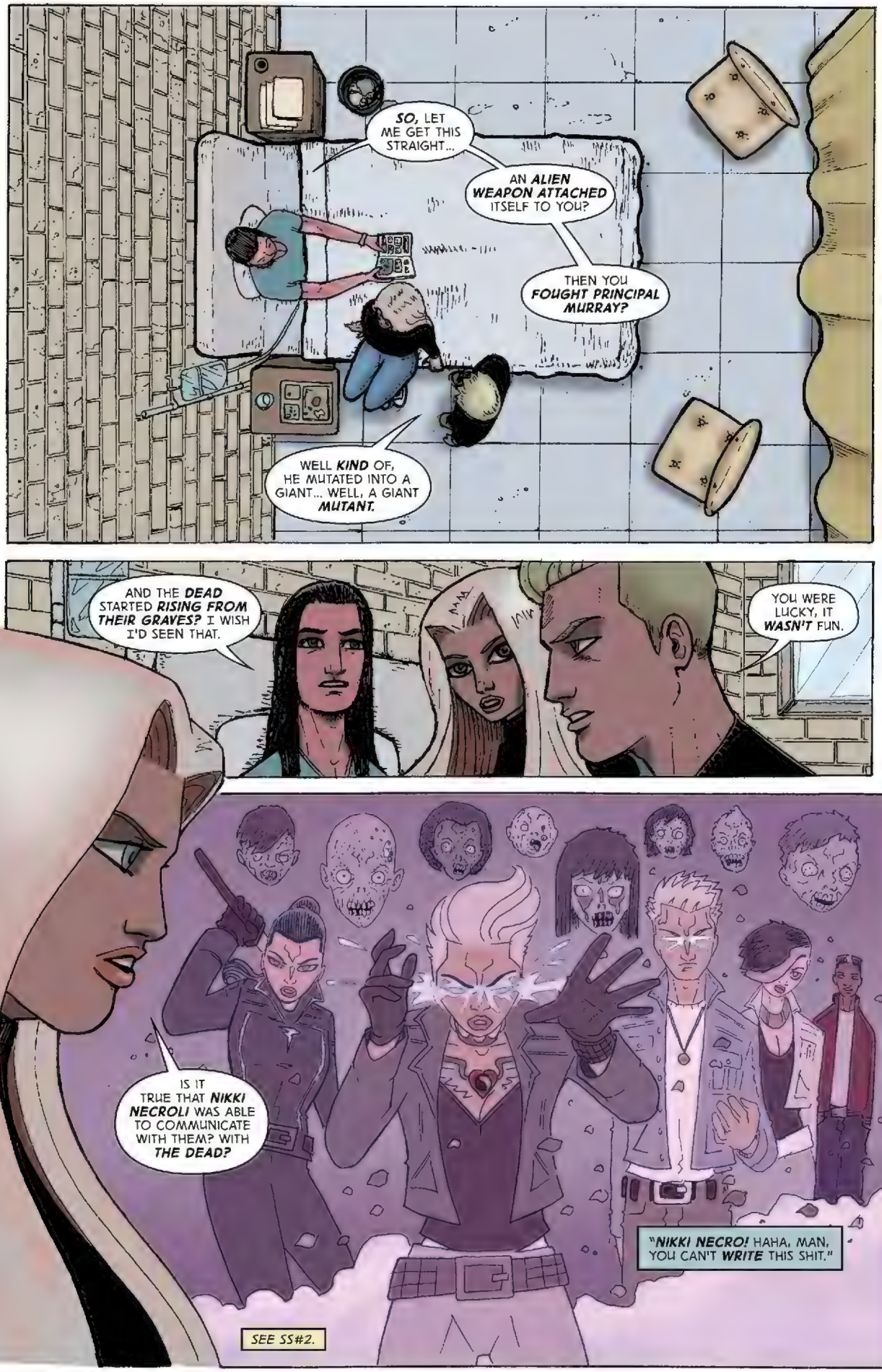
I MUTATED THE GIANT DINO INTO FROGS?
SO STRANGE.
LORRAINES
RESTAURANT
BE FREE, BUDDY. DON'T GIVE ANYONE WARTS.
GRANT
WHO'S THA...
JEN

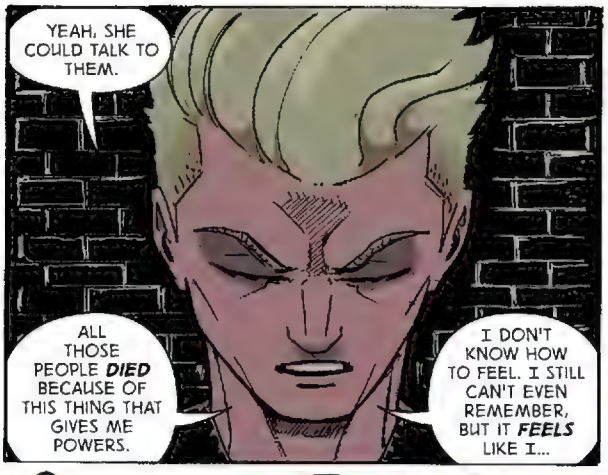

JEN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I MEAN, IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU, BUT IT'S DANGEROUS.
HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS HERE?
I COULD FEEL THAT YOU WERE HERE.
HOW?
I DON'T KNOW.
IT'S LIKE EVER SINCE THAT DAY, I CAN FEEL WHEN YOU USE YOUR POWERS AND WHERE YOU ARE.


BILL
BOB
WE NEED TO TALK.
YEAH, OF COURSE...
HEY YOU'RE THAT NEW HERO GUY.
THE STAR GUY.
DUDE, HOW'D YOU MAKE THAT COSTUME?
WORST COSPLAY EVER.
UH...
MAYBE WE SHOULD GET OUT OF HERE.
ARE YOU AN ALIEN?
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
WHERE TO?
I'VE BEEN MEANING TO VISIT ELI IN THE HOSPITAL.
GOOD IDEA.
COMICS
WES, THAT DUDE IS AWESOME.
MEH, HE'S OKAY.
WHATEVER.
WHOA!
HOLD ON!
FRICKEN' COMICCON.

MINUTES LATER
I THINK THAT MAYBE WE'RE LINKED SOMEHOW, AFTER WHAT HAPPENED.
YEAH, I GET WHAT YOU'RE SAYING, I MEAN, WITH ALL THIS CRAZY STUFF HAPPENING, IT'S NOT OUT OF THE REALM OF POSSIBILITIES.
I MEAN, IT'S SO STRANGE, I KNOW HOW TO USE ALL THESE POWERS, IT'S LIKE AN INSTINCT OR SOMETHING.
DOOR'S LOCKED.
I THINK THAT IF I FOCUS, MAYBE I CAN CREATE...
A KEY!
HOW ARE YOU DOING THESE THINGS?
I WISH I KNEW, IT'S LIKE THIS THING IS WHISPERING TO ME, TELLING ME WHAT TO DO.
SO WEIRD.
UM, YOU MIGHT WANT TO CHANGE.
UH, YEAH.

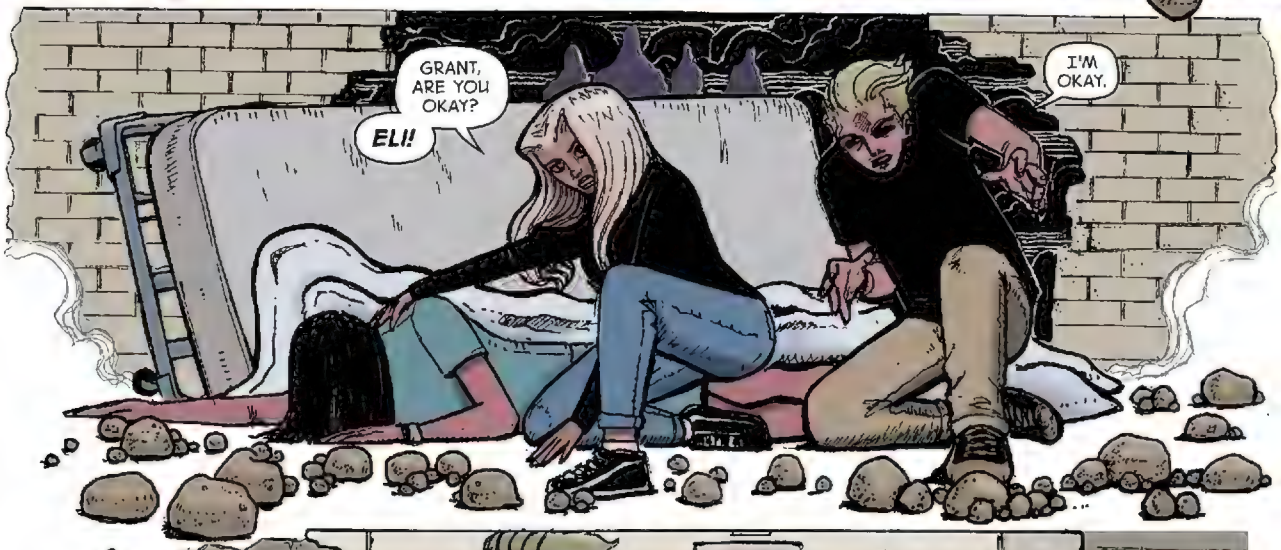
OPEN A PORTAL, TIGRESS.
TO VICTORY, MY CLAN, FOR THE EMPIRE!

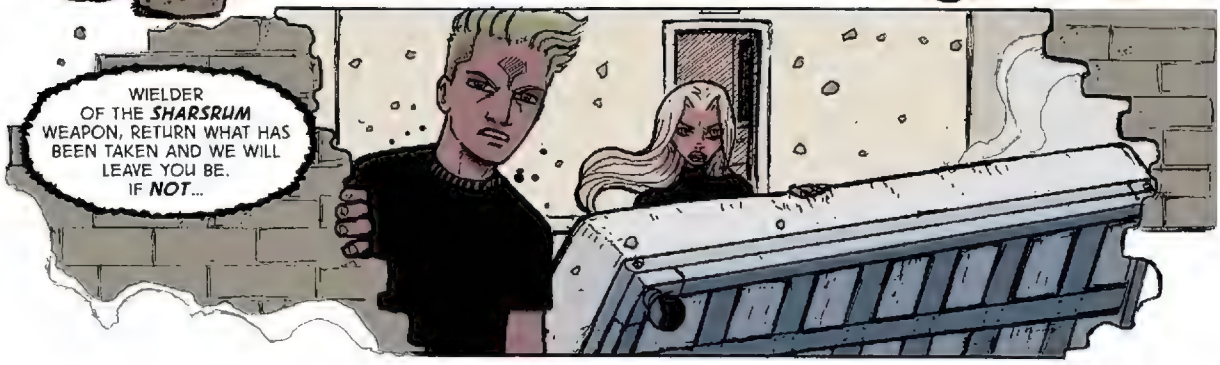

SO, LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT...
AN ALIEN WEAPON ATTACHED ITSELF TO YOU?
THEN YOU FOUGHT PRINCIPAL MURRAY?
WELL KIND OF, HE MUTATED INTO A GIANT... WELL, A GIANT MUTANT.
AND THE DEAD STARTED RISING FROM THEIR GRAVES? I WISH I'D SEEN THAT.
YOU WERE LUCKY, IT WASN'T FUN.
IS IT TRUE THAT NIKKI NECROLI WAS ABLE TO COMMUNICATE WITH THEM? WITH THE DEAD?
"NIKKI NECRO! HAHA, MAN, YOU CAN'T WRITE THIS SHIT."
SEE SS#2.


YEAH, SHE COULD TALK TO THEM.
ALL THOSE PEOPLE *DIED* BECAUSE OF THIS THING THAT GIVES ME POWERS.
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO FEEL. I STILL CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER, BUT IT *FEELS* LIKE I...

WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

BOOM
TOK!

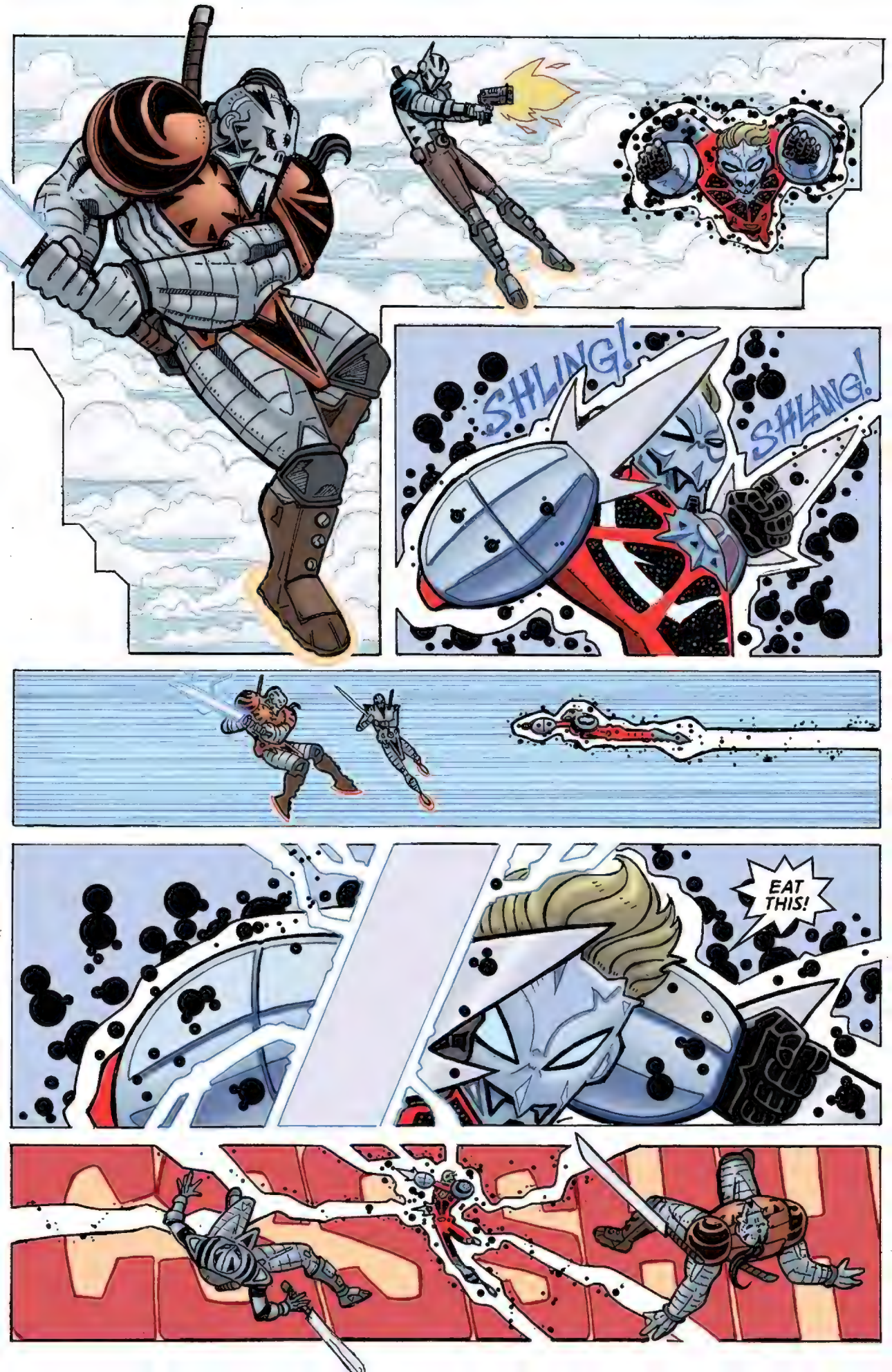

GRANT, ARE YOU OKAY?
ELI!
I'M OKAY.


WIELDER OF THE *SHARSRUM* WEAPON, RETURN WHAT HAS BEEN TAKEN AND WE WILL LEAVE YOU BE. IF *NOT*...

...DEATH CERTAINLY AWAITS.
THEY WANT THAT THING.
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO GIVE IT TO YOU, IT'S A PART OF ME.
VERY WELL.

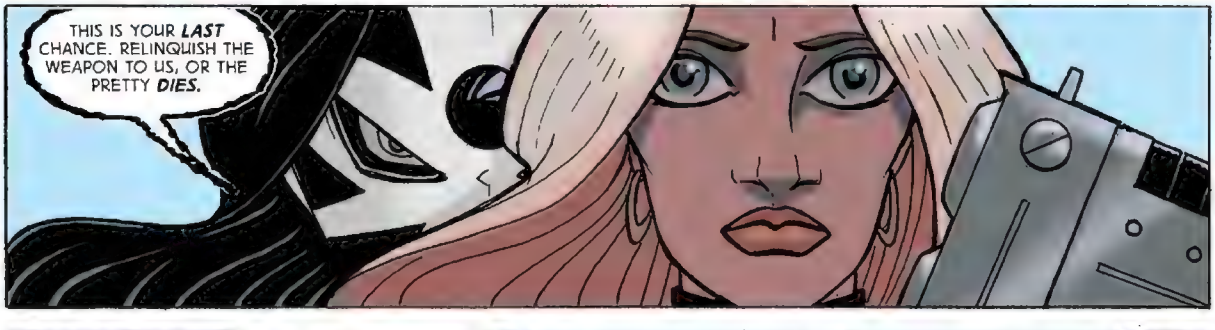
WE WILL TEAR YOU APART, *LIMB* FROM *LIMB*.
=URGH= *STOP!* I CAN'T...
THE WHELP IS STRONGER THAN HE APPEARS.

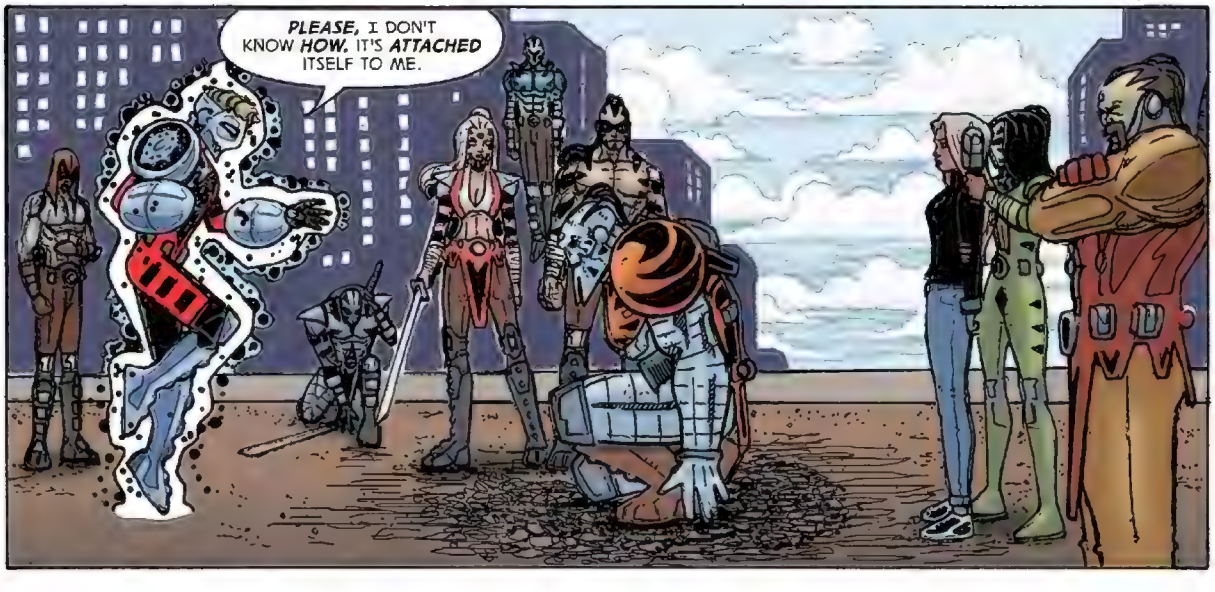
I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT, BUT IF I HAVE NO CHOICE...
...I'LL GIVE YOU A FIGHT YOU WON'T BELIEVE.
TIGER CLAN, DESTROY HIM!
ZAM


SHLING!
SHLANG!
EAT THIS!

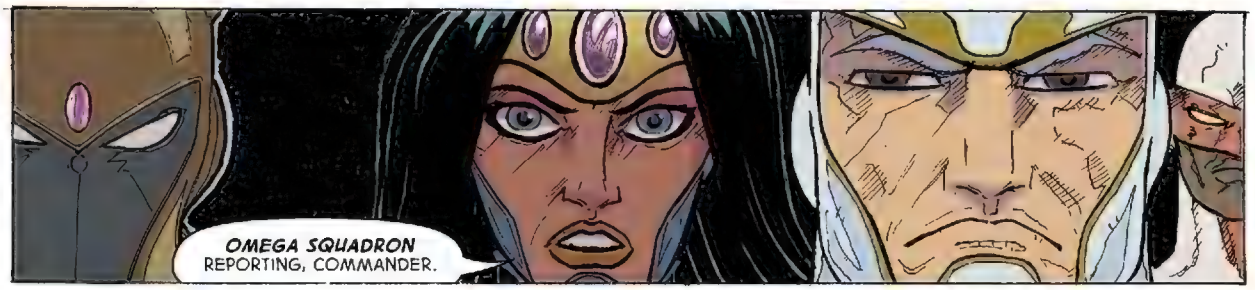
NASTY.
I *TOLD* YOU, I *DON'T* WANT TO FIGHT.
DO NOT MOVE, MY PRETTY.

LET HER GO!
SCHICK
SCHLAK
STAND BACK!


THIS IS YOUR *LAST* CHANCE. RELINQUISH THE WEAPON TO US, OR THE PRETTY *DIES.*


PLEASE, I DON'T KNOW *HOW.* IT'S *ATTACHED* ITSELF TO ME.

UNFORTUNATE.
BLAM!
NO!
JEN!
WE WILL RETURN.
BURY YOUR DEAD, AND WHEN WE RETURN, IF YOU HAVE NOT DETERMINED HOW TO RELINQUISH THE WEAPON TO US...
WE SHALL BURN EVERYTHING.


OMEGA SQUADRON REPORTING, COMMANDER.

DEFCON 3, WE SEEM TO HAVE A POTENTIAL THREAT ON OUR HANDS.
OMEGA SQUADRON, THERE'S AN UNUSUAL ENERGY SIGNATURE IN ***XGEO SPACE*** BEYOND THE MOON'S ORBIT. ASSESS AND NULLIFY ANY THREAT THAT THIS MAY POSE TO THE EARTH AND HAVE OUR GROUND TEAM INVESTIGATE THIS ***NEW SUPERHUMAN.***
WE NEED TO KNOW IF HE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THESE ***NEW ANOMALIES.***

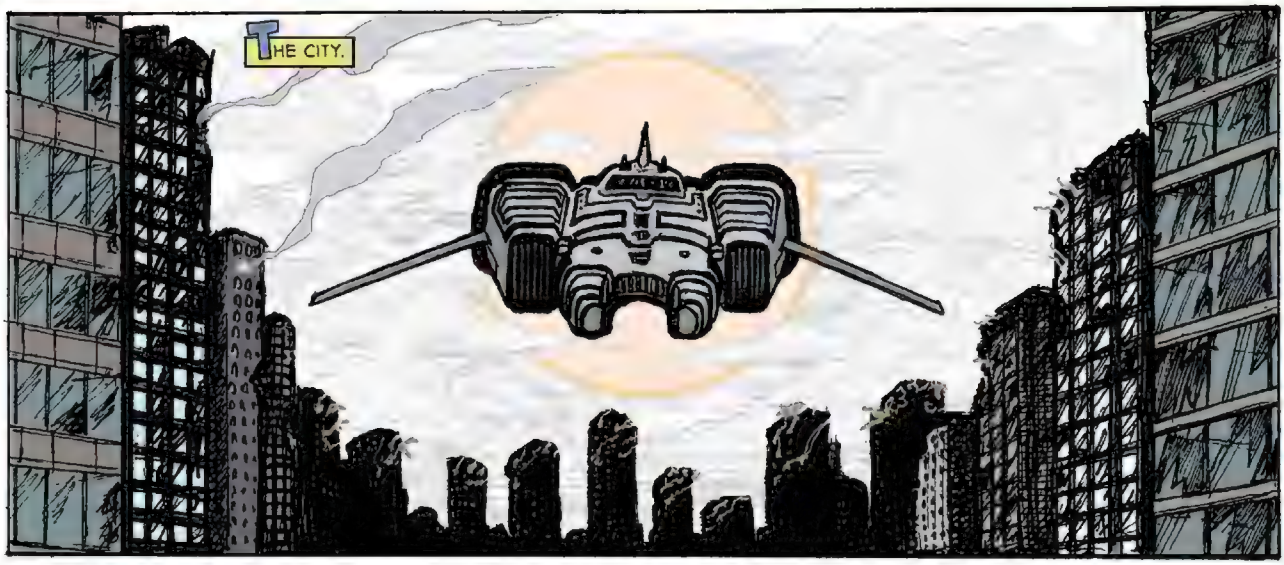
CHAPTER FOUR

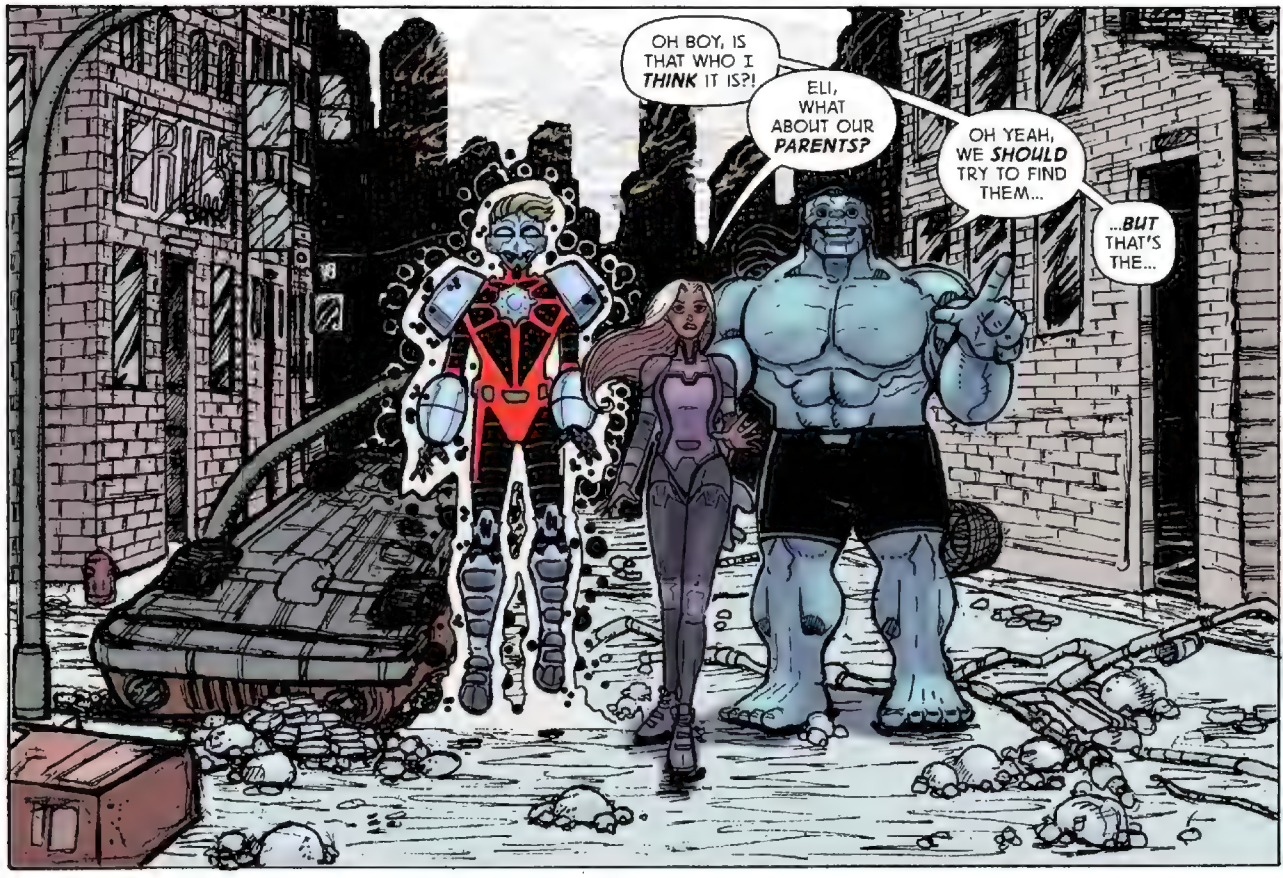
INTO THE XTH DIMENSION
OR "THE DOORS OF MIRRORED PERCEPTIONS"

The Savage Strength of
STARSTORM

WORLD WAR 3
(or "Who Died and Made *THEM* Boss?!")

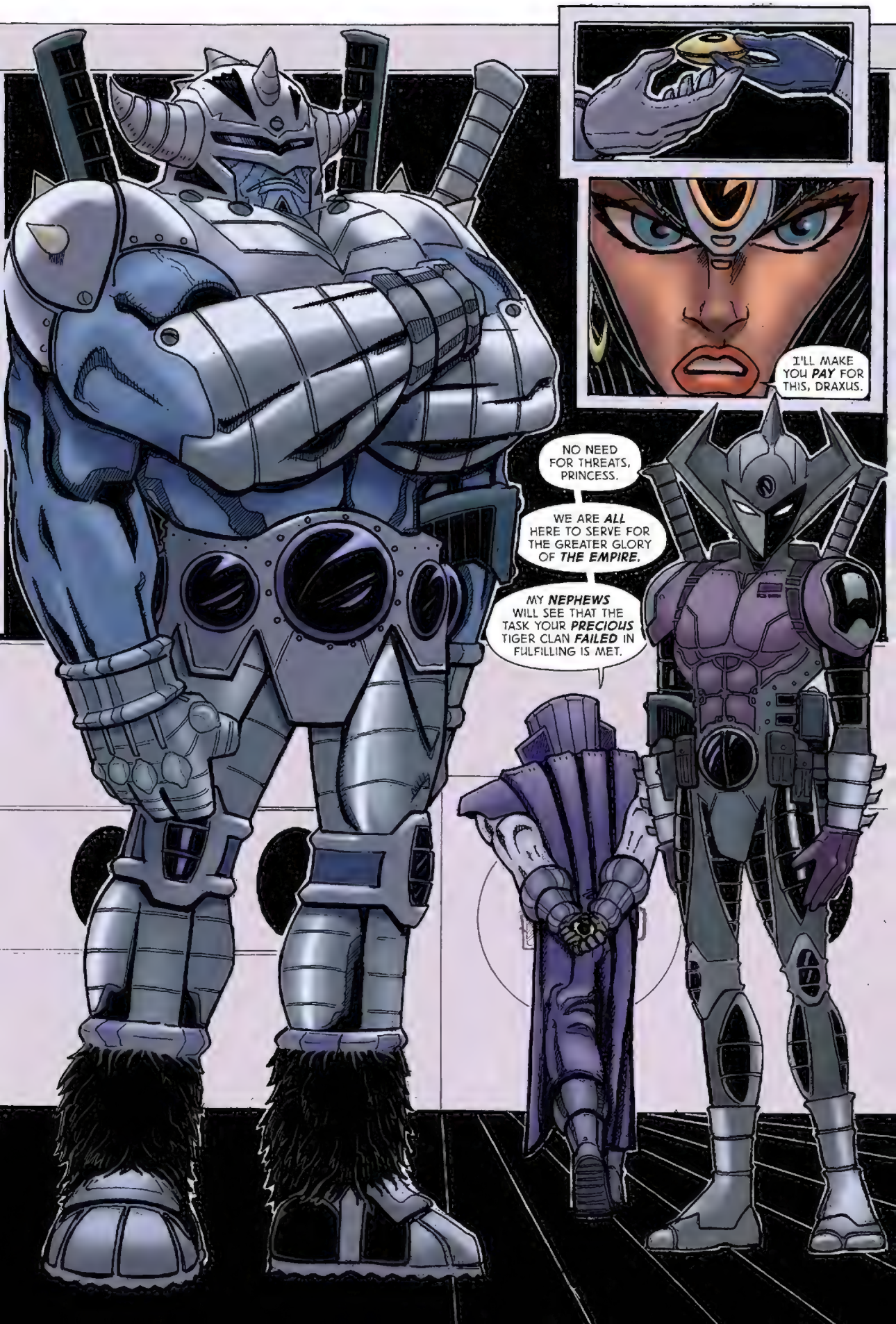
Written, Drawn & Created by Drew Craig • Colored & Lettered by Jason Finestone





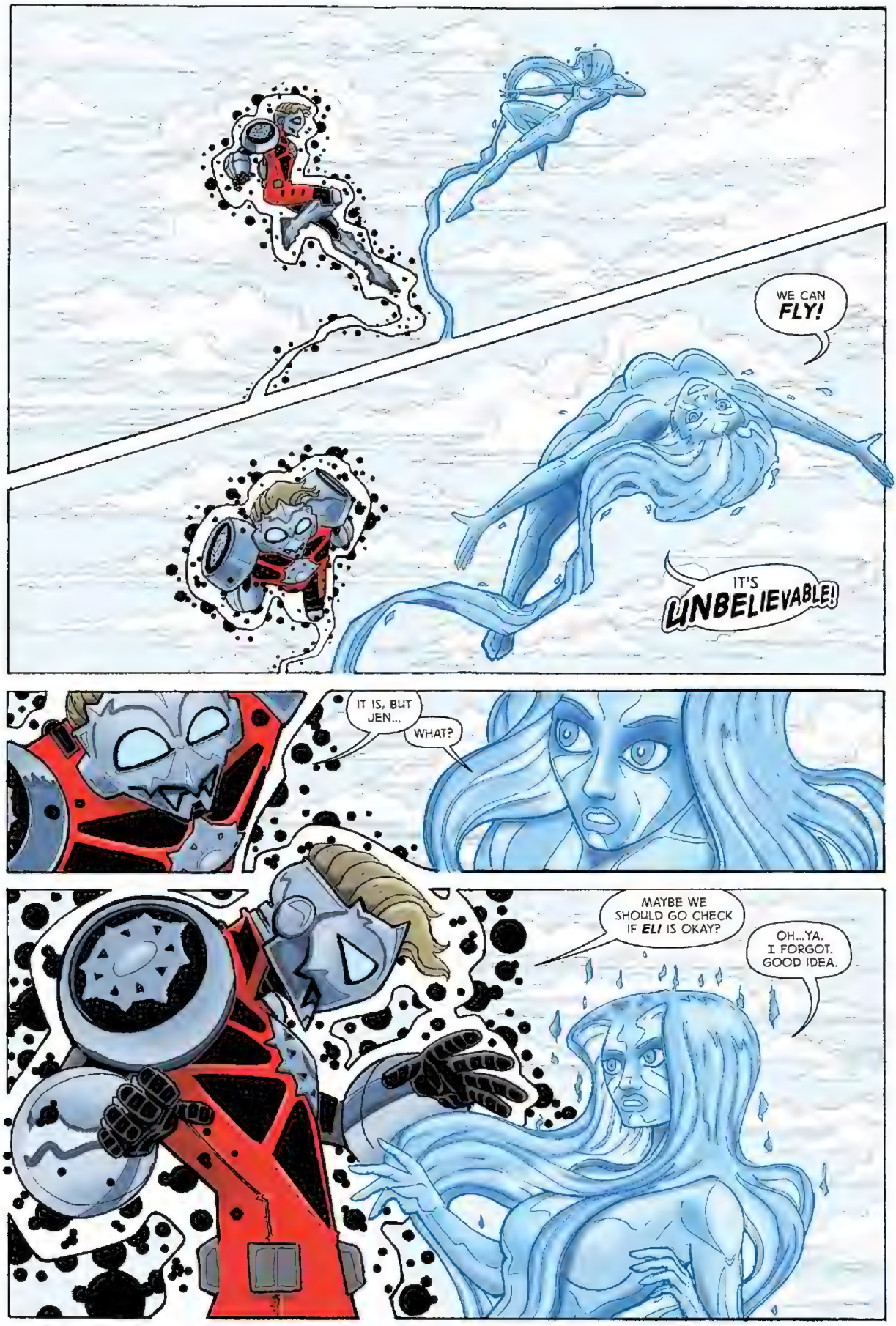
HE IS MORE POWERFUL THAN HE APPEARS, MISTRESS.
HE SEEMS TO POSSESS AN ACUTE KNOWLEDGE OF ITS WORKINGS.
I DID NOT FORESEE THAT YOU WOULD FAIL IN THIS MISSION, TIGER CLAN.
BE THANKFUL THAT I AM MORE MERCIFUL THAN MY FATHER.
THIS WAS JUST A RECONNAISSANCE MISSION, MISTRESS. WE ARE NOW AWARE OF HIS STRENGTH.
WE HAVE ONLY RETURNED TO REGROUP AND GATHER THE WEAPONRY NEEDED TO EXTRACT THE WEAPON.
THE WIELDER HAS KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORKINGS OF THE SHARSRUM, IT SEEMS, BUT IT IS LIMITED.
WE WERE UNAWARE OF THIS, BUT WILL NOT BE CAUGHT OFF GUARD A SECOND TIME.

NO YOU *WON'T,* TIGER CLAN. I CAN *ASSURE* YOU OF THIS, AS THERE WILL *NOT* BE A SECOND TIME.
AS THIS EXPEDITION IS UNDER *MY* COMMAND.
YES, SIRE.
DRAXUS, YOU WERE NOT SUMMONED TO THIS MEETING, HOW *DARE* YOU INTERRUPT!
I HAVE EARS *EVERYWHERE,* MY DEAR. SUBTERFUGE IS *POINTLESS.*
I THINK AFTER THIS LAST *DEBACLE,* YOU SHOULD LEAVE THE TRACKER IN MORE *FORMIDABLE* HANDS.
I WOULD *HATE* TO REPORT BACK TO HIS MAJESTY WITH NEWS OF YOUR *FAILURE,* TIGER CLAN.
WOULDN'T YOU AGREE, *PRINCESS?*


I'LL MAKE YOU PAY FOR THIS, DRAXUS.
NO NEED FOR THREATS, PRINCESS.
WE ARE ALL HERE TO SERVE FOR THE GREATER GLORY OF THE EMPIRE.
MY NEPHEWS WILL SEE THAT THE TASK YOUR PRECIOUS TIGER CLAN FAILED IN FULFILLING IS MET.

JEN...

JEN!
JEN! YOU'RE SO HOT!
I MEAN YOU'RE ON FIRE!
I MEAN, UH....
I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD. I'M SO HAPPY YOU'RE NOT! I MEAN...
I FEEL AMAZING!
YOU LOOK AMAZING. HOW IS THIS HAPPENING?
IT'S YOU...


WE CAN FLY!
IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!
IT IS, BUT JEN...
WHAT?
MAYBE WE SHOULD GO CHECK IF ELI IS OKAY?
OH...YA. I FORGOT. GOOD IDEA.

MAYBE WE SHOULD TRY TO *CHANGE BACK* FIRST?
CAN I EVEN *DO* THAT?
I THINK SO.
IF *I* CAN DO IT, I DON'T SEE WHY *YOU* CAN'T.
OH.
WHAT'S THAT UP THERE?

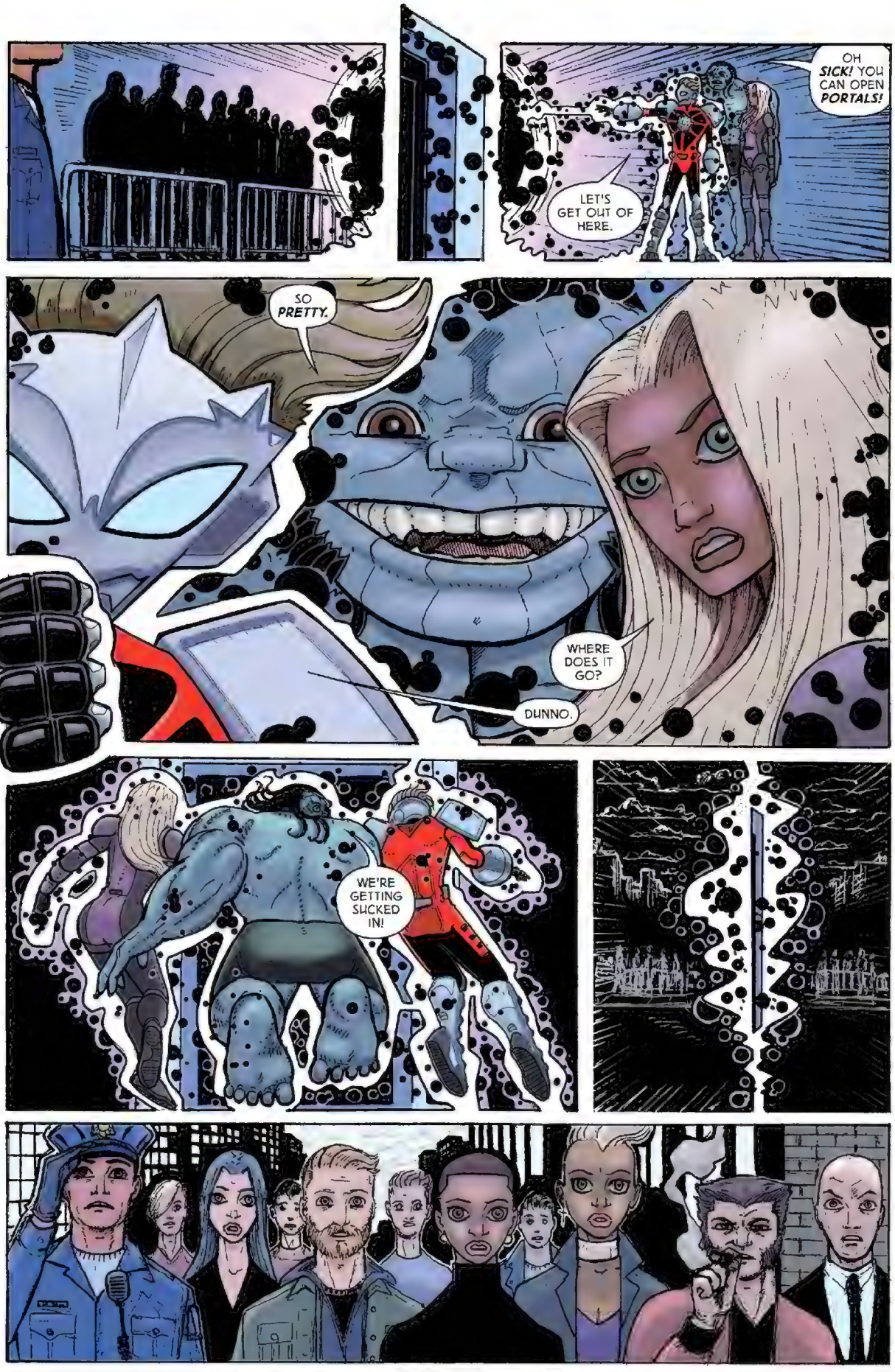
WHAT *IS* THAT?
THUDD
AH CRAP, WHO IS *THIS* NOW!?
WHAT DO YOU WANT!?

ELI!?!
DUDES!!!
I'M HUGE!!!

DUDES!
THIS IS SO AWESOME!
WE HAVE SUPERPOWERS!
DUDES!
ELI, SQUEEZING TOO HARD!
OH SORRY, DUDES. DON'T KNOW MY SUPER STRENGTH YET, I GUESS.
SEXY BIKER
ACK!
STOP!
CRUSHING ME...
:COUGH:
CAN'T BREATHE...
I HEARD THOSE DUDES CALL THAT THING THE STARSTORM.
THAT MUST BE WHAT THAT THING IS, THE STARSTORM WEAPON!
SO COOL.
ER, I DON'T THINK SO, DUDE. THEY CALLED IT LIKE, THE SHARDSTRUM OR SOMETHING.
NO NO, I DEFINITELY HEARD STARSTORM.
THAT'S YOUR NAME, DUDE. YOUR SUPERHERO NAME.
STARSTORM!
SO AWESOME.
STARSTORM? MAN, I DUNNO. THAT SOUNDS KINDA LAME TO ME.
YOU'RE LIKE, THE SUPER MEGA POWERED STARSTORM.
SO COOL.
WHATEVER.

I KINDA LIKE IT.
ER, DUDE.
UHHH
YOU'RE NAKED.
THE SEXY
STOP LOOKING, YOU PERVERTS!

A FEW MINUTES LATER.
THAT PLACE WAS GREAT. SUPER NICE STAFF. SAID I COULD COME BACK AND PAY LATER. WELL, WHAT DO YOU GUYS THINK?
WOW, COOL.
YEAH, THAT LOOKS GREAT.
HERE, ELI. I GOT YOU SOME SHORTS.
OH THANKS. YEAH, IT'S GETTING A BIT BREEZY OUT HERE. OH LOOK, WE HAVE FANS!
STAND DOWN. CEASE AND DESIST. KEEP YOUR HANDS WHERE WE CAN SEE THEM!
POLICE


OH *SICK!* YOU CAN OPEN *PORTALS!*
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.
SO *PRETTY.*
WHERE DOES IT GO?
DUNNO.
WE'RE GETTING SUCKED IN!

DUDES, I DON'T LIKE THIS!

DUDES, WE'RE GOING INTO THAT GIANT FACE'S *MOUTH!*

IT'S GONNA *EAT* US!

ARE WE GETTING *EATEN?!!*

OH *GOD!*

WE *JUST* BECAME SUPERHEROES-- NOW WE'RE GONNA BE *EATEN BY A GIANT FACE!*

OH GOD, THE *HUMANITY!*

OH CRAP! OKAY, WE DIDN'T GET EATEN.

PHEW, THAT WAS *CLOSE!*

WHO ARE ALL THESE *HEADS?!*

WHAT *IS* THIS PLACE?

NO IDEA...

DUDES, I'M *FREAKING OUT!*

ELI, *RELAX!* WE'RE OKAY.

OKAY, OKAY.

IS THAT *WES CRAIG* OVER THERE? I LIKE HIS COMIC BOOKS. WHAT'S WES CRAIG'S HEAD *DOING HERE?!!*

DUDES, WHAT'S GOING *ON?!*

IS THAT *ME* OVER THERE?!

GRANT, IS THAT WHO I THINK IT IS?

I THINK SO...

IT'S *US?*

IS THIS US? DO YOU REMEMBER THIS, GRANT?

I ***THINK*** IT IS, BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER.

THAT'S A SWEET BEARD... UH, I... UH, YOU... UH, ***WE*** HAVE.

WHAT'S ***ACROM?***

OH.

THANKS, DUDE. WHERE'S ***ACROM?*** OH WAIT, THIS IS ***BEFORE*** THE WAR. MY BAD.

UH, I CAN'T SAY. IT'LL MESS UP THE TIMELINE...

...AND HE'D BE ***PISSED.***

UH, HELLO.

ARE YOU ***US*** FROM LIKE, AN ***ALTERNATE REALITY?***

WE ARE YOUR ***POTENTIAL FUTURE SELVES.*** IS THAT ***RIGHT,*** GRANT?

YES. WE ARE YOUR POTENTIAL FUTURE SELVES FROM YOUR REALITY, OR MULTIPLE DIVERGENT ONES, DEPENDING ON THE CHOICES YOU MAKE...

WE HAVE TO TELL THEM ABOUT THE ***SWORD*** HERE.

YES, THE SWORD.

YOU MUST USE THE SWORD. PLUNGE HER ESSENCE INTO ITS CHEST. IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO DESTROY HIM.

"DESTROY ***WHO?***"

THIS IS THE ***STARSABER.*** IT WILL FOCUS YOUR POWER, GRANT, BUT IT WILL ***DRAIN*** YOU AFTER ITS USE, SO USE IT SPARINGLY, DUDE.

"GRANT, THINK 'STARSABER.'"

ERK

ARE YOU OKAY, DUDE?

URK

STARSABER, COOL...

WHAT'S HAPPENING?

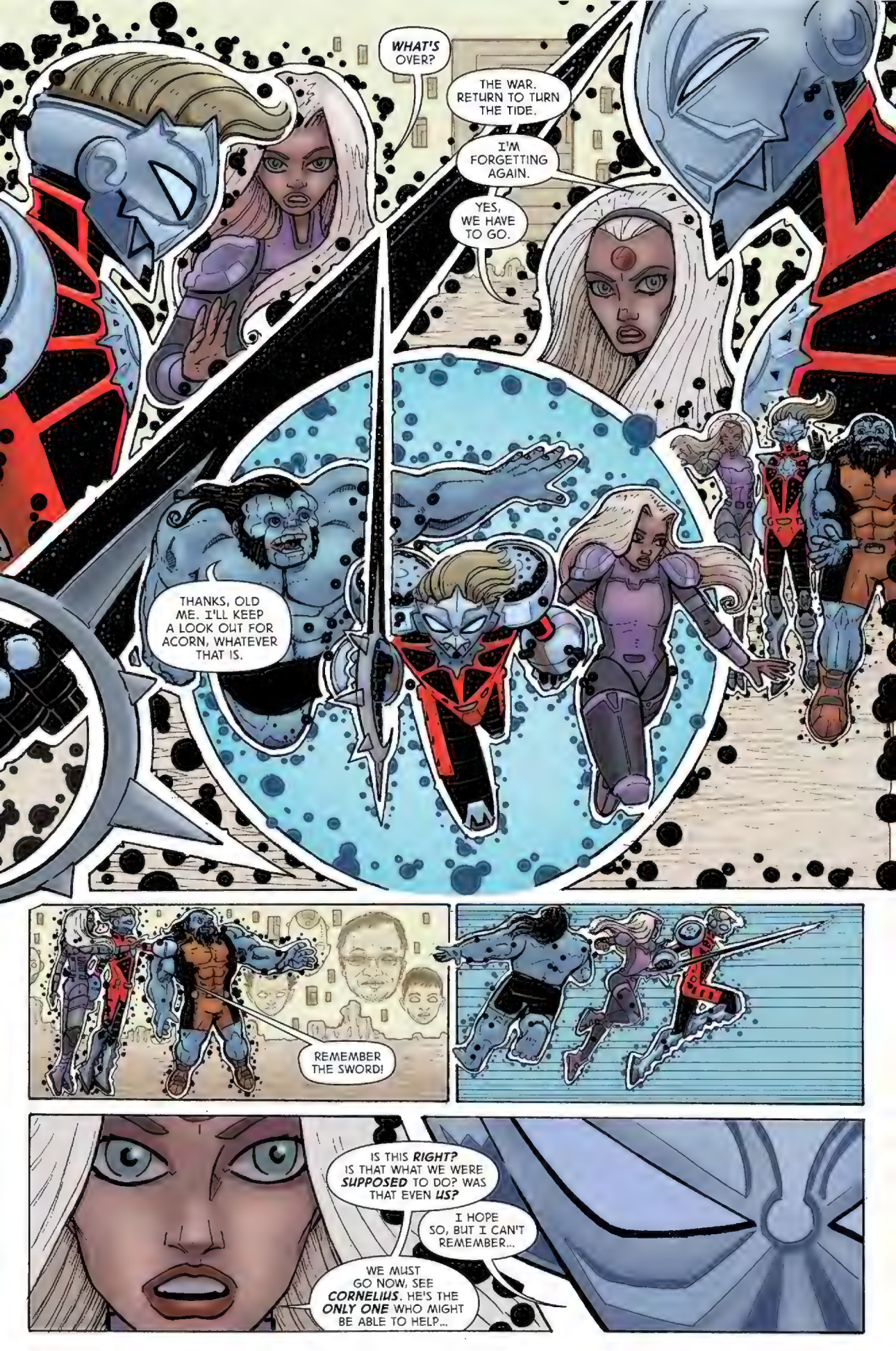
THE ***X^TH DIMENSION*** DRAINS YOU OF YOUR POWER AND MEMORY, BUT ONLY FOR A TIME, DEPENDING ON HOW LONG YOU STAY.

TIME MOVES ***FASTER*** HERE.

WE MUST LEAVE BEFORE IT DRAINS YOU BOTH ***COMPLETELY,*** BUT REMEMBER THE SWORD.

YOU HAVE TO GET BACK BEFORE IT'S OVER.

TAKE THE SWORD AND GO.


WHAT'S OVER?
THE WAR. RETURN TO TURN THE TIDE.
I'M FORGETTING AGAIN.
YES, WE HAVE TO GO.
THANKS, OLD ME. I'LL KEEP A LOOK OUT FOR ACORN, WHATEVER THAT IS.
REMEMBER THE SWORD!
IS THIS RIGHT? IS THAT WHAT WE WERE SUPPOSED TO DO? WAS THAT EVEN US?
I HOPE SO, BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER...
WE MUST GO NOW, SEE CORNELIUS. HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP...

BACK ON EARTH.
HURRY UP, GUYS, BEFORE ONE OF THOSE THINGS SPOTS US. WE HAVE TO GET OFF THE ROAD.
THERE HAS TO BE SOMETHING WE CAN DO TO STOP THEM.
AH SHIT!
WE HAVE TO REGROUP WITH THE OTHERS. THEY'LL KNOW BETTER.
SURRENDER, HUMANS.

THESE THINGS ARE EVERYWHERE!
WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
JOHNNY, DO YOUR THING, MAN.
JOHNNY
SHABLAM!
SURRENDER... THIS!
I SENSE SOMETHING, A PRESENCE I'VE NOT FELT SINCE...
JOHNNY'S POWERS ARE GETTING STRONGER.
WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE. THERE'LL BE MORE OF THEM ON US SOON.
TINA

OH MY GOD, WE'RE TOO LATE.
WHAT HAPPENED?
WHERE'S THE SWORD?
SWORD?
TO BE CONTINUED...

EPILOGUE
SIR, HOW MANY MORE CYCLES ARE WE TO REMAIN? THE WAR RAGES ON, AND THERE IS NO SIGNATURE OF THE WEAPON. IT HAS ALL BUT DISAPPEARED...
BLIP
BLIP
BLIP
BLIP
FINALLY.
PREPARE THE TELEPORTATION UNIT, X9.
YES, SIR.

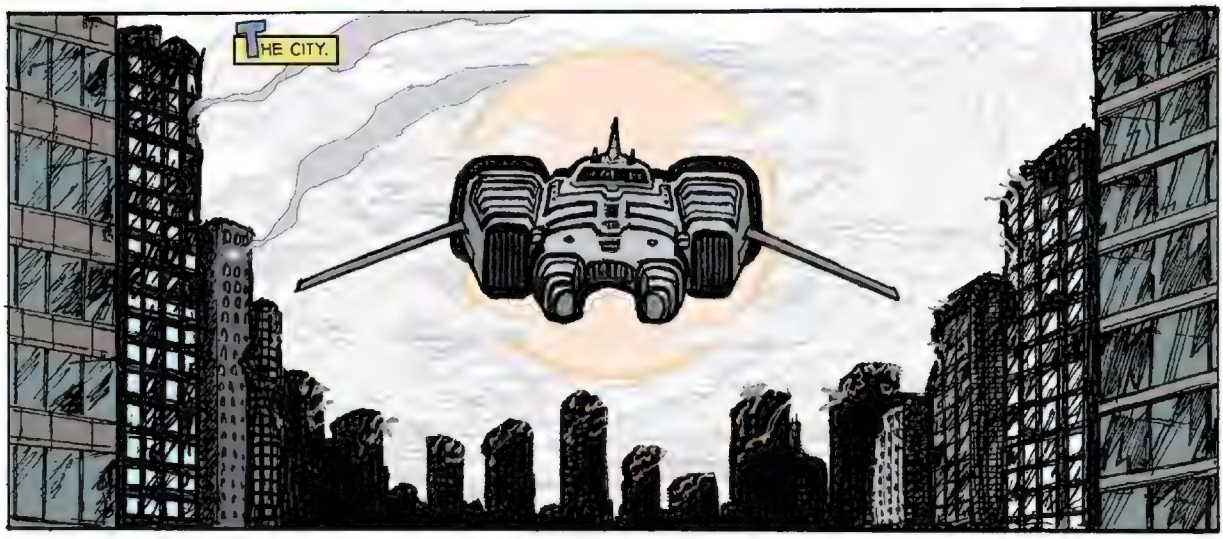
CHAPTER FIVE

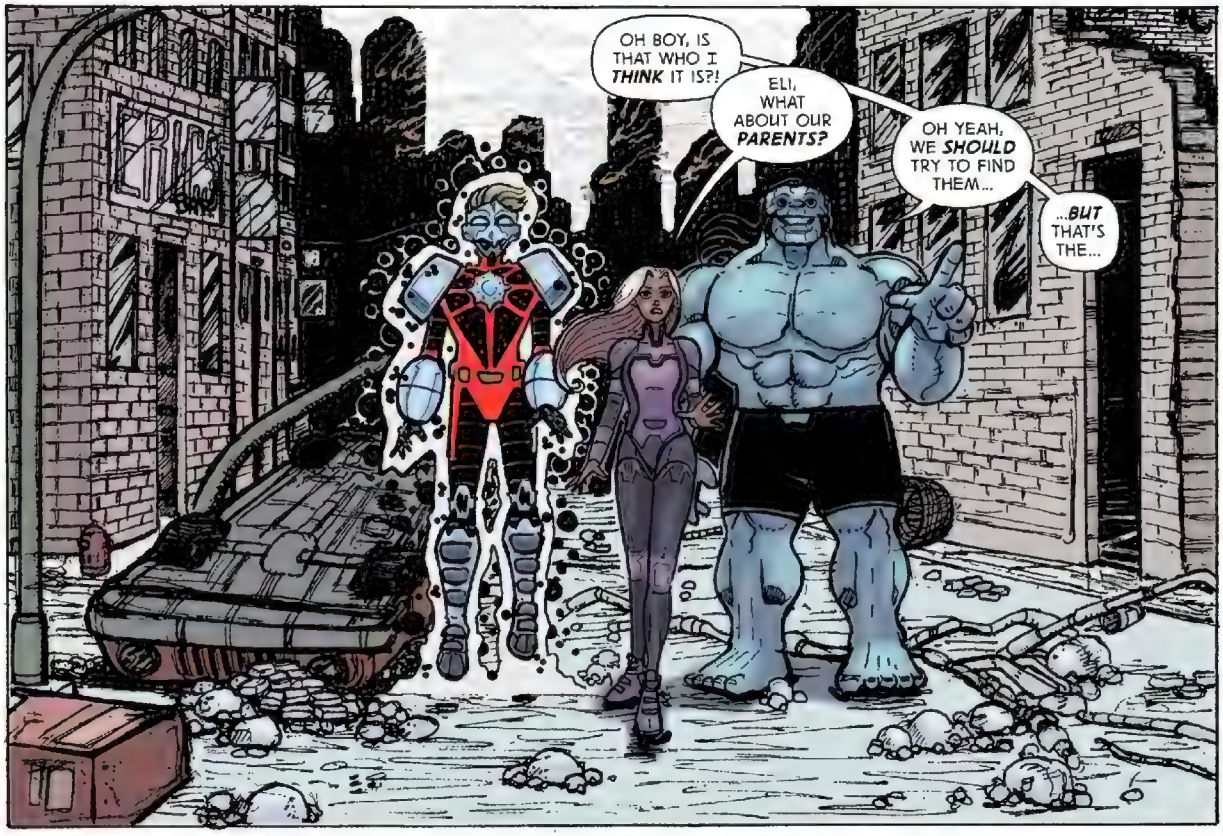
WORLD WAR 3
OR "WHO DIED AND MADE *THEM* BOSS?!"

The Savage Strength of
STARSTORM

WORLD WAR 3
(or "Who Died and Made *THEM* Boss?!")

Written, Drawn & Created by Drew Craig • Colored & Lettered by Jason Finestone





Omega Squadron

Siren Supreme

Fire

Zuriel

Omega Prime

Mina Harker

The Magician

Bolt

Aphrodite X

The Paladin

THEY CALL ME ***SIREN SUPREME.*** THIS IS MY LIEGE, ***OMEGA PRIME.*** WE HAVE BEEN TASKED WITH FINDING SURVIVORS.

HI, OMEGA SQUADRON. MY NAME'S ELI. YOU CAN CALL ME ***BASHER.*** BIG FAN.

BASHER? REALLY?

WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE?

THE PLANET HAS BEEN OVERRUN BY AN ARMADA FROM ANOTHER GALAXY.

*UPON SCOUTING THE AREA FOR SURVIVORS, I SENSED A **RIFT IN TIME SPACE. YOU** ARE THE CAUSE. **WHO ARE YOU?***

UH, HE'S ***STARSTORM.*** MY NAME IS ***JEN.***

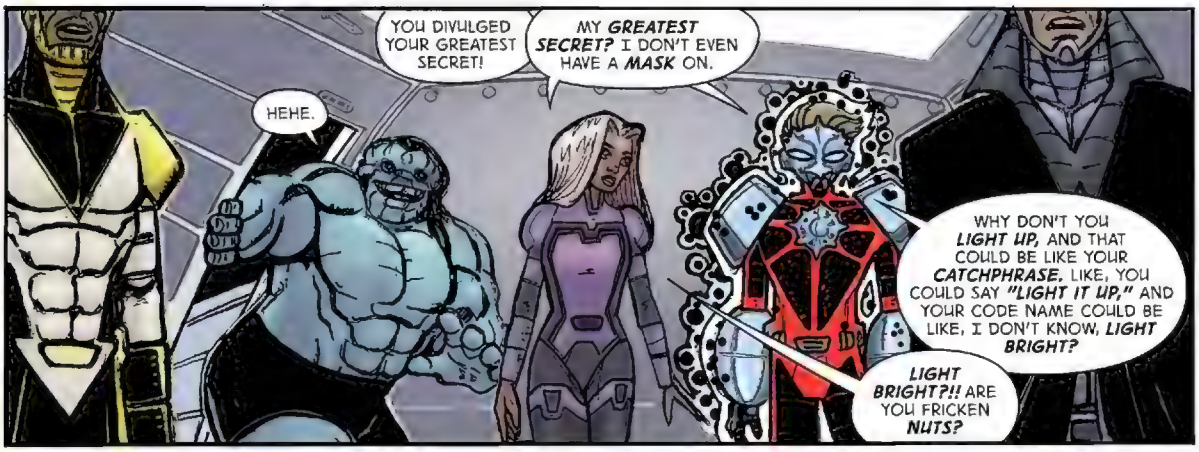
YES, WE FOUND THEM, COMMANDER.

STARSTORM? YOU ***SURE*** ABOUT THAT NAME? WHAT, IS THAT LIKE A VIDEO GAME FROM THE 80s?

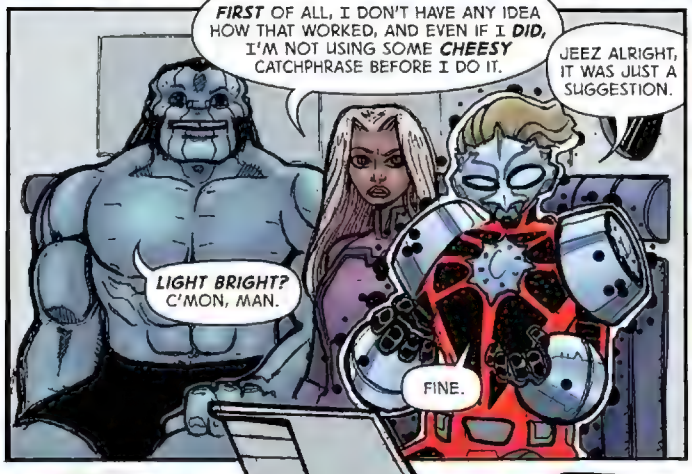
JEN? THAT'S ***YOUR*** NAME? YOU'LL NEED A BETTER CODENAME THAN THAT, AND A MASK.

YOU NEED TO COME WITH US. WE'RE REGROUPING WITH THE ***REST*** OF THE HEROES TO MOUNT AN ASSAULT AND TAKE EARTH ***BACK.***

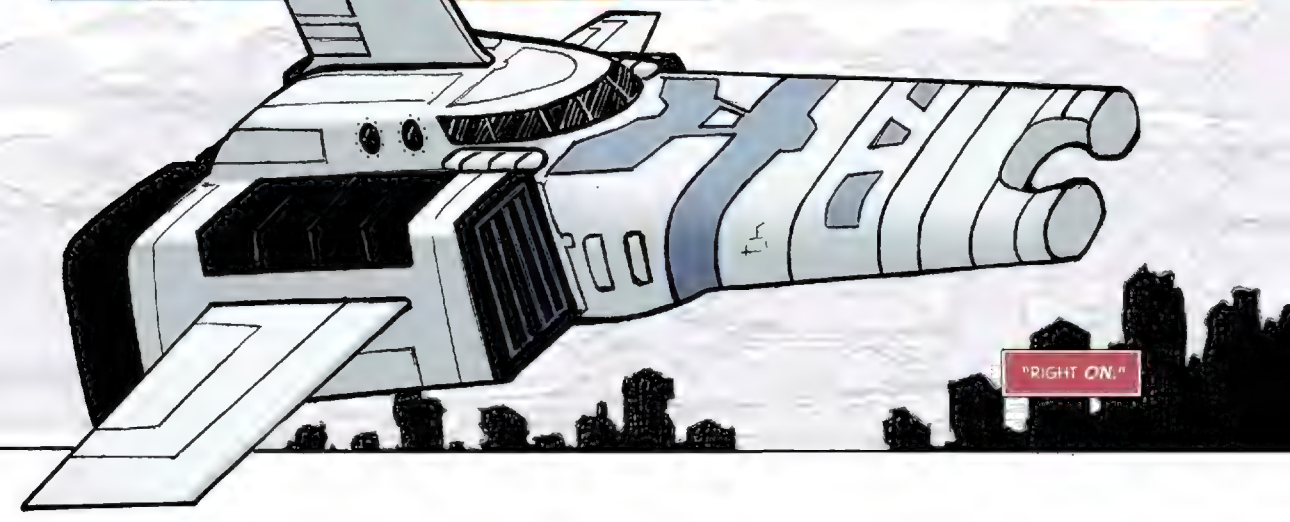
GET ABOARD THE SHIP.
WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I DON'T KNOW. WHAT ABOUT OUR PARENTS?
UH YEAH, BUT WE GET TO GO ON THE OMEGA JET.
ALL CIVILIANS THAT HAVE SURVIVED ARE EITHER IN CONCENTRATION CAMPS OR UNDERGROUND. IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND THEM AT THE MOMENT. WE CAN HELP YOU LOCATE THEM AFTER THE WAR IS DONE.
PLEASE, GUYS. IT'S THE ONLY WAY.
COME WITH US.
OH BOY OH BOY, WE'RE GOING TO RIDE ON THE OMEGA JET!
FRICKEN MAGICIAN. ALWAYS GOT TO BE SO DAMN CREEPY.

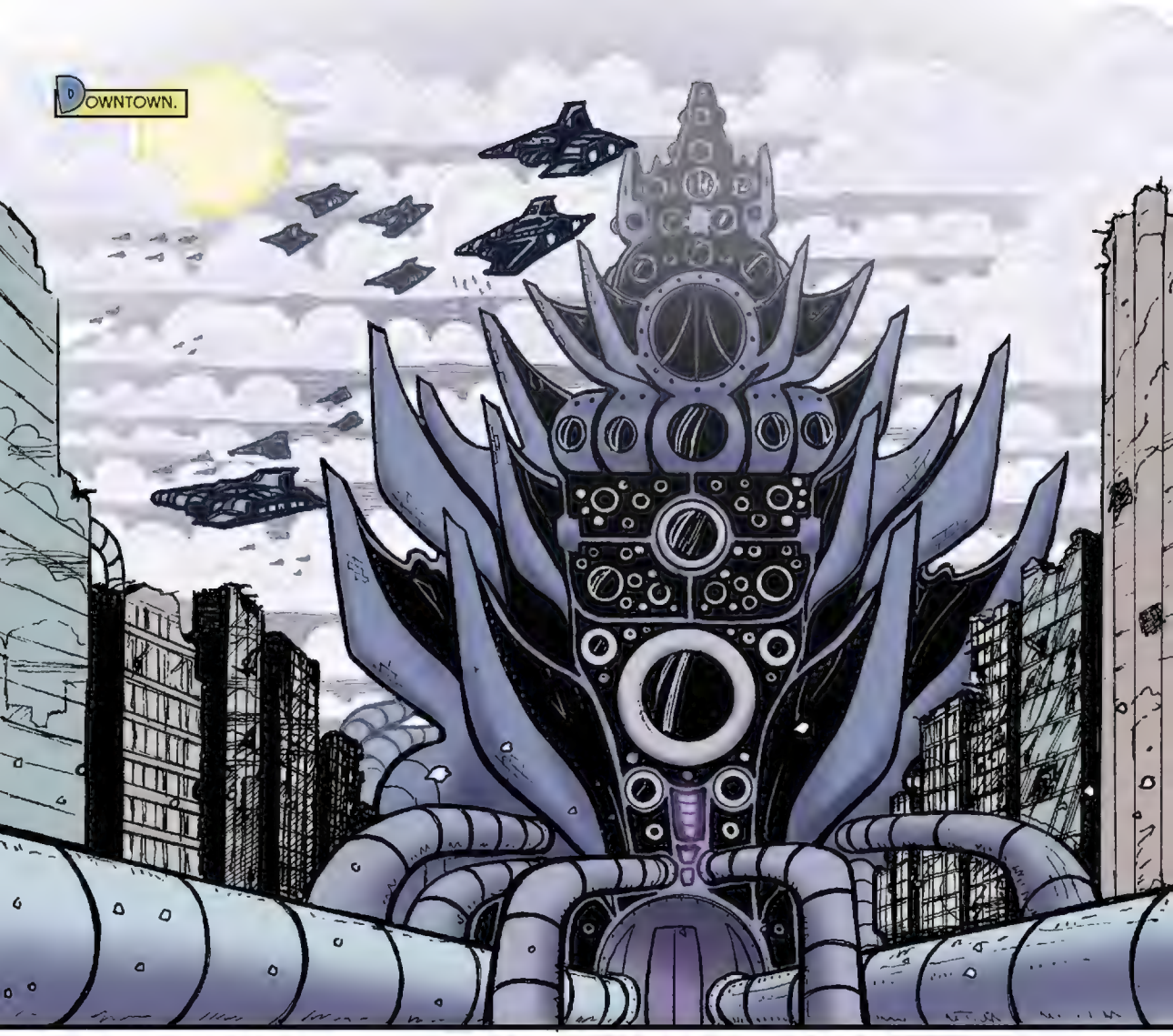

YOU DIVULGED YOUR GREATEST SECRET!
MY *GREATEST SECRET?* I DON'T EVEN HAVE A *MASK* ON.
HEHE.
WHY DON'T YOU *LIGHT UP,* AND THAT COULD BE LIKE YOUR *CATCHPHRASE.* LIKE, YOU COULD SAY *"LIGHT IT UP,"* AND YOUR CODE NAME COULD BE LIKE, I DON'T KNOW, *LIGHT BRIGHT?*
LIGHT BRIGHT?! ARE YOU FRICKEN *NUTS?*

I AGREE. *LIGHT BRIGHT* IS A *HORRIBLE* CODE NAME.
APHRODITE X, START THE ENGINES.

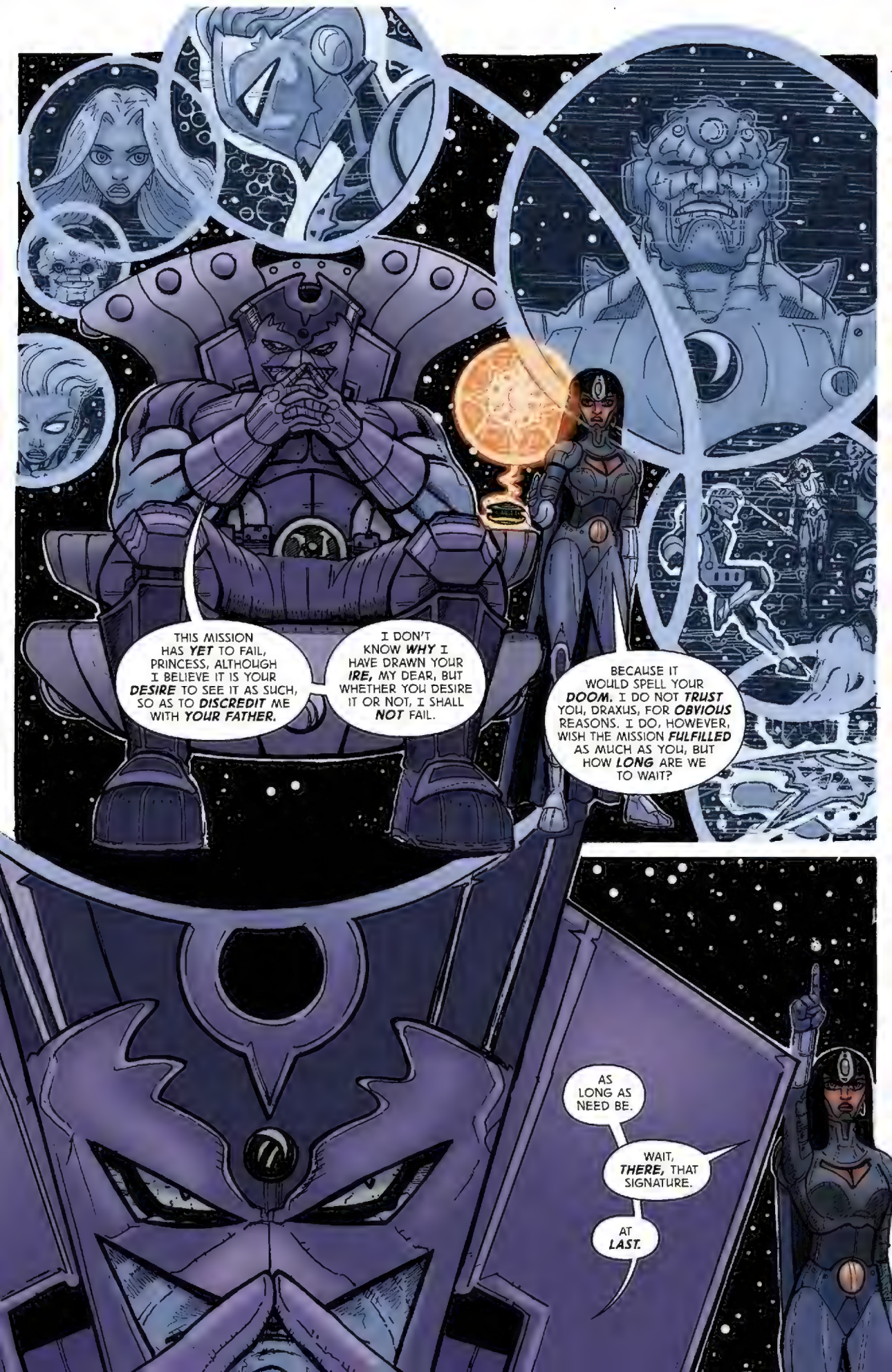

FIRST OF ALL, I DON'T HAVE ANY IDEA HOW THAT WORKED, AND EVEN IF I *DID,* I'M NOT USING SOME *CHEESY* CATCHPHRASE BEFORE I DO IT.
JEEZ ALRIGHT, IT WAS JUST A SUGGESTION.
LIGHT BRIGHT? C'MON, MAN.
FINE.

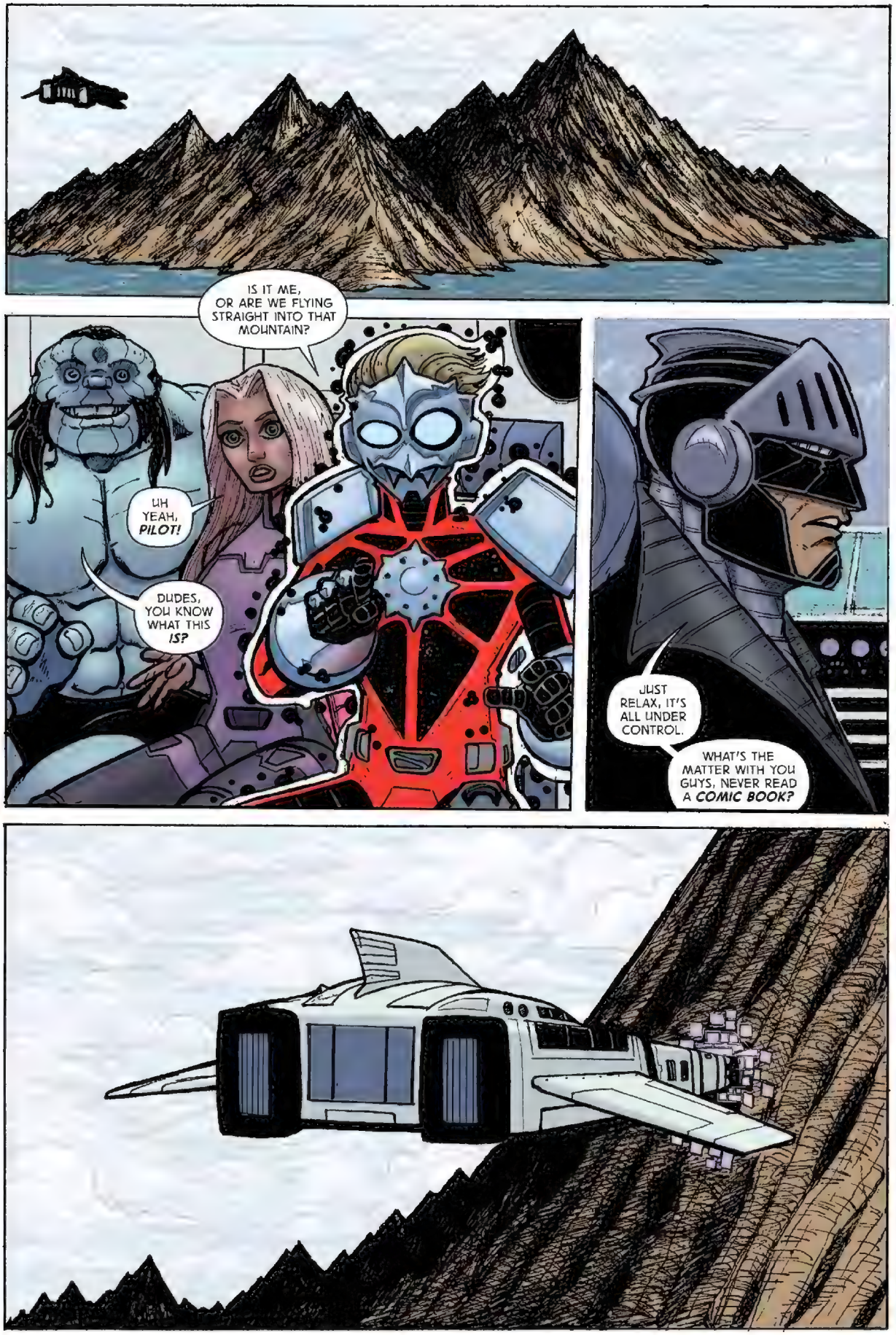
ME AND MY BROTHER WOULD LIKE TO APPLAUD YOU FOR YOUR FASHION CHOICES, MY MAN. SOME PEOPLE SAY *GAUNTLETS* AND *SHOULDER PAULDRONS* WENT OUT IN THE 90s, BUT WE *DISAGREE.*
RIGHT ON, MY MAN.


"RIGHT *ON.*"


DOWNTOWN.

ADMIRAL DRAXUS.
PRINCESS.
IS THERE *STILL* NO SIGN OF THE WEAPON? WE HAVE BEEN ON THIS *MUDHOLE* PLANET FOR *FAR* TOO LONG. WE SHOULD RETURN HOME AND ACCEPT THAT THIS MISSION HAS *FAILED.*


THIS MISSION HAS *YET* TO FAIL, PRINCESS, ALTHOUGH I BELIEVE IT IS YOUR *DESIRE* TO SEE IT AS SUCH, SO AS TO *DISCREDIT* ME WITH *YOUR FATHER.*
I DON'T KNOW *WHY* I HAVE DRAWN YOUR *IRE,* MY DEAR, BUT WHETHER YOU DESIRE IT OR NOT, I SHALL *NOT* FAIL.
BECAUSE IT WOULD SPELL YOUR *DOOM.* I DO NOT *TRUST* YOU, DRAXUS, FOR *OBVIOUS* REASONS. I DO, HOWEVER, WISH THE MISSION *FULFILLED* AS MUCH AS YOU, BUT HOW *LONG* ARE WE TO WAIT?
AS LONG AS NEED BE.
WAIT, *THERE,* THAT SIGNATURE.
AT *LAST.*

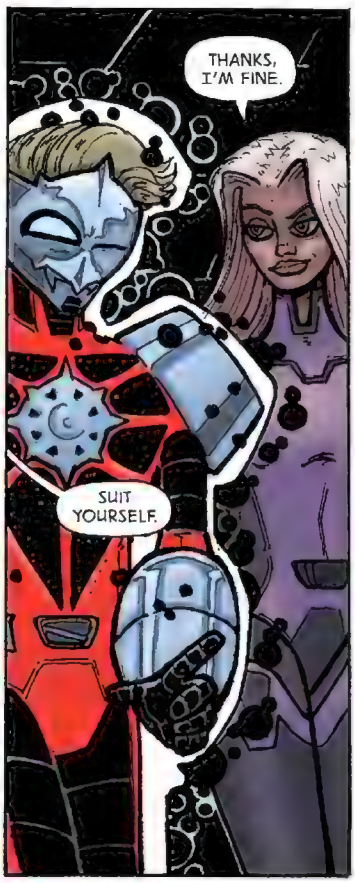

IS IT ME, OR ARE WE FLYING STRAIGHT INTO THAT MOUNTAIN?
UH YEAH, PILOT!
DUDES, YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS?
JUST RELAX, IT'S ALL UNDER CONTROL.
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU GUYS, NEVER READ A COMIC BOOK?

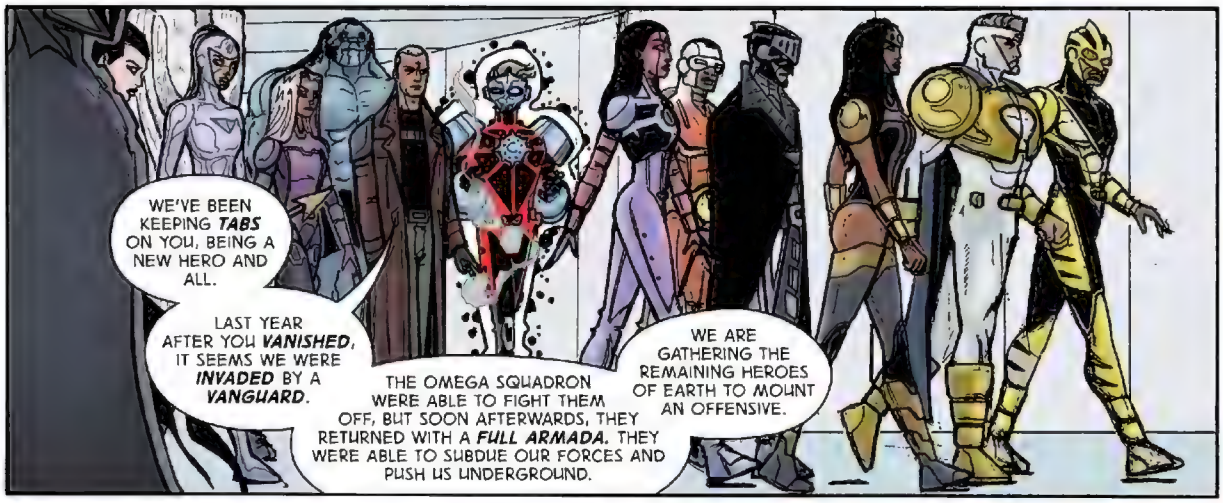
PALADIN TO ***COMMANDER MERCK.*** READY TO DOCK. DEPLOY LANDING GEAR, APHRODITE X.
COMMANDER.
SIREN, OMEGA.

WELCOME BACK, OMEGA SQUADRON. IT SEEMS WE HAVE *NEW RECRUITS.*

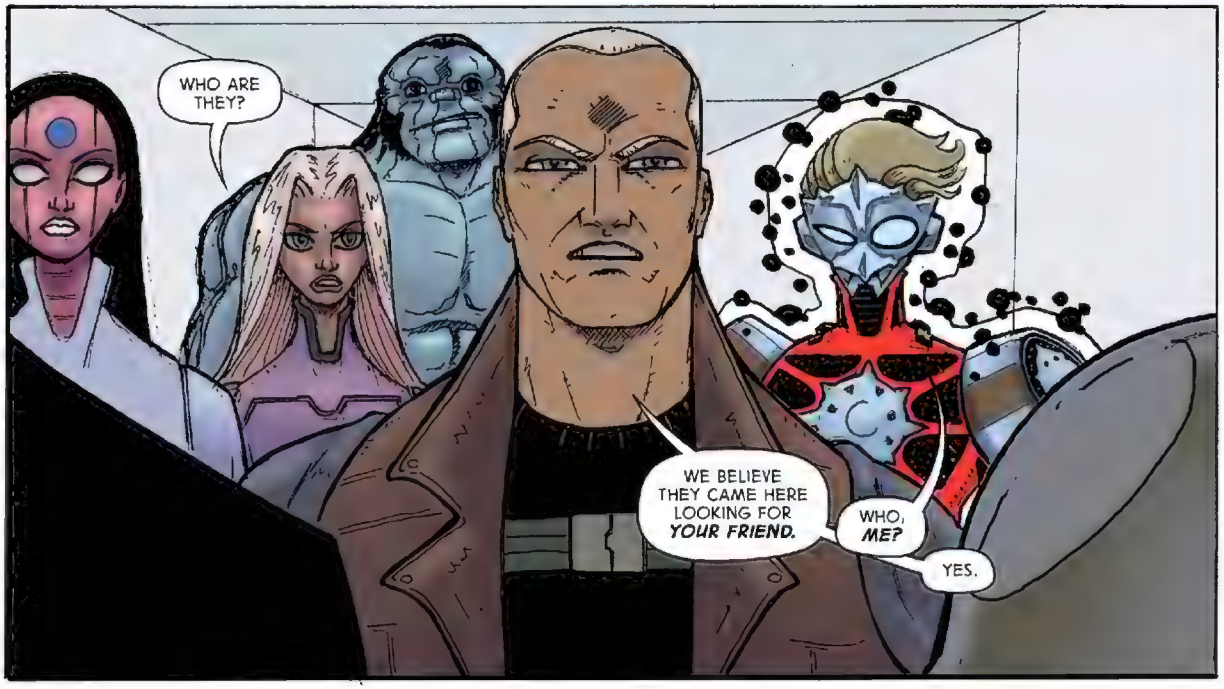
BELIEVE HIM TO BE THE *ANOMALY* WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR.
WE FOUND THEM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WRECKAGE OF THE CITY.
VERY GOOD, SIREN. THEY MAY BE *USEFUL.*

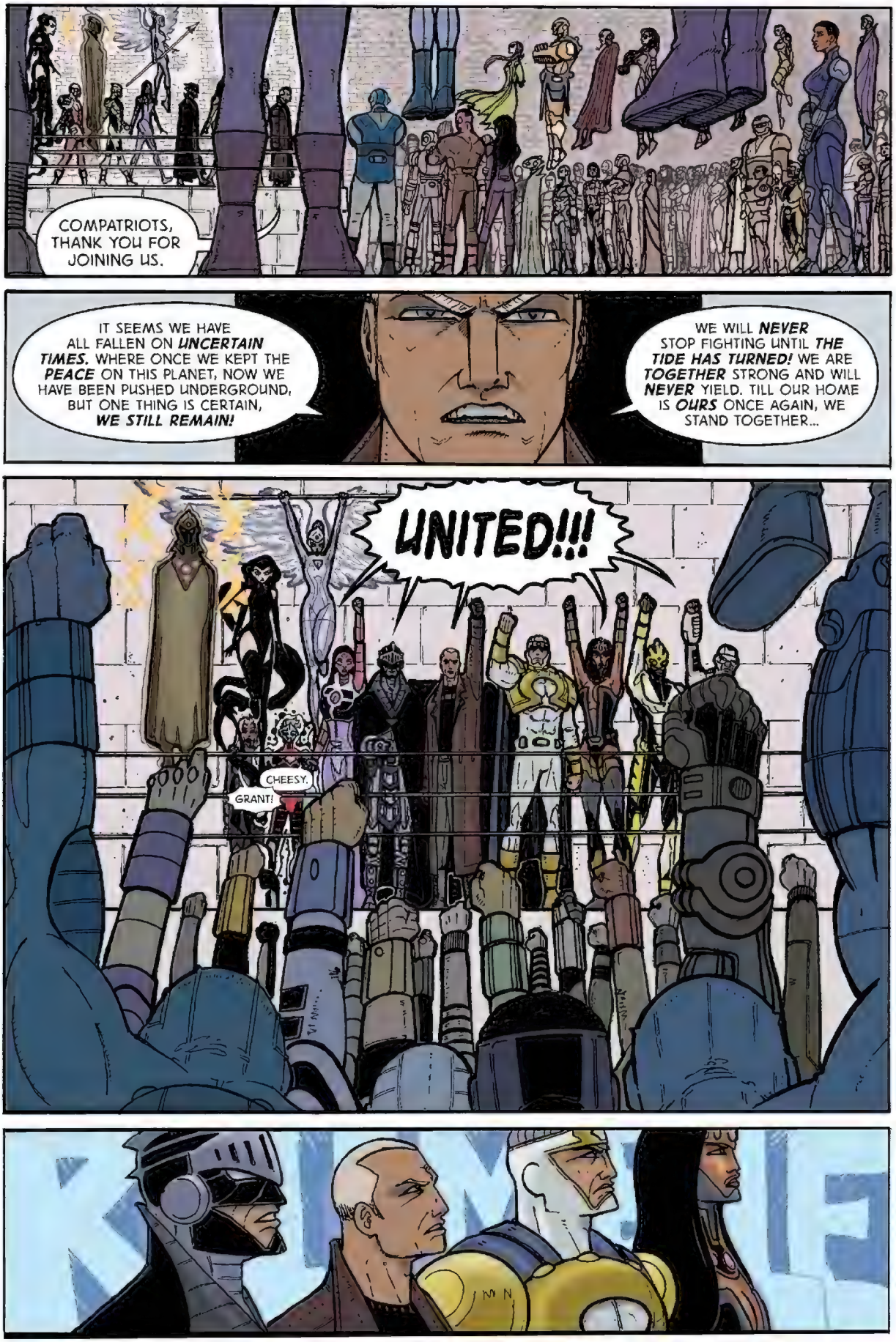
THE YOUNG LADY DOESN'T SEEM TO THINK SHE NEEDS TO WEAR A *MASK* IN THE FIELD TO PROTECT HER IDENTITY FOR SOME REASON.
SOMEONE WANT TO GET THE NEWBIE A MASK?!


THANKS, I'M FINE.
SUIT YOURSELF.


WE'VE BEEN KEEPING *TABS* ON YOU, BEING A NEW HERO AND ALL.
LAST YEAR AFTER YOU *VANISHED*, IT SEEMS WE WERE *INVADED* BY A *VANGUARD*.
THE OMEGA SQUADRON WERE ABLE TO FIGHT THEM OFF, BUT SOON AFTERWARDS, THEY RETURNED WITH A *FULL ARMADA*. THEY WERE ABLE TO SUBDUE OUR FORCES AND PUSH US UNDERGROUND.
WE ARE GATHERING THE REMAINING HEROES OF EARTH TO MOUNT AN OFFENSIVE.

THEY'RE CURRENTLY DRAINING OUR RESOURCES, AND THE PLANET WAS *LIMITED* TO BEGIN WITH.
ARE THEY *TERRAFORMING?*
WE BELIEVE SO.
THEIR SHIPS HAVE BEEN HOVERING AROUND THE MAIN VESSEL AT THE CENTER OF THE CITY. WE'VE GATHERED WHAT'S LEFT OF OUR FORCES FROM AROUND THE GLOBE, BUT THEY HAVE A *VAST* NUMBER OF *TROOPS* AND *ALIEN TECH. MANY* OF OUR ALLIES HAVE DIED.
HEAVY.


WHO ARE THEY?
WE BELIEVE THEY CAME HERE LOOKING FOR *YOUR FRIEND.*
WHO, *ME?*
YES.

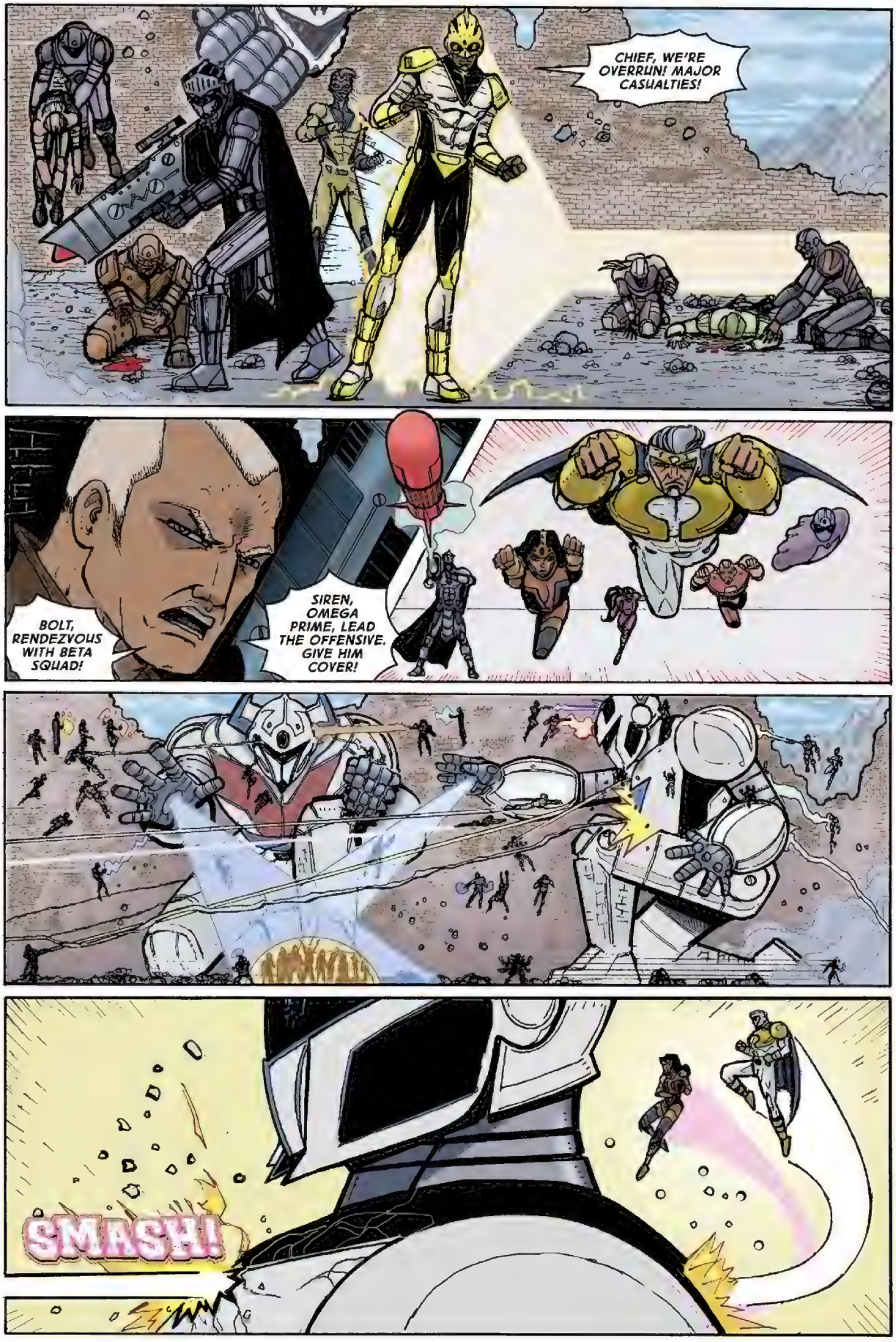

COMPATRIOTS, THANK YOU FOR JOINING US.
IT SEEMS WE HAVE ALL FALLEN ON ***UNCERTAIN TIMES.*** WHERE ONCE WE KEPT THE ***PEACE*** ON THIS PLANET, NOW WE HAVE BEEN PUSHED UNDERGROUND, BUT ONE THING IS CERTAIN, ***WE STILL REMAIN!***
WE WILL ***NEVER*** STOP FIGHTING UNTIL ***THE TIDE HAS TURNED!*** WE ARE ***TOGETHER*** STRONG AND WILL ***NEVER*** YIELD. TILL OUR HOME IS ***OURS*** ONCE AGAIN, WE STAND TOGETHER...
UNITED!!!
CHEESY.
GRANT!

SOMETHING IS BREAKING THROUGH THE CEILING.
GET READY.
READY TO ROCK.
PREPARE FOR OBLIVION!

OH MY GOD.

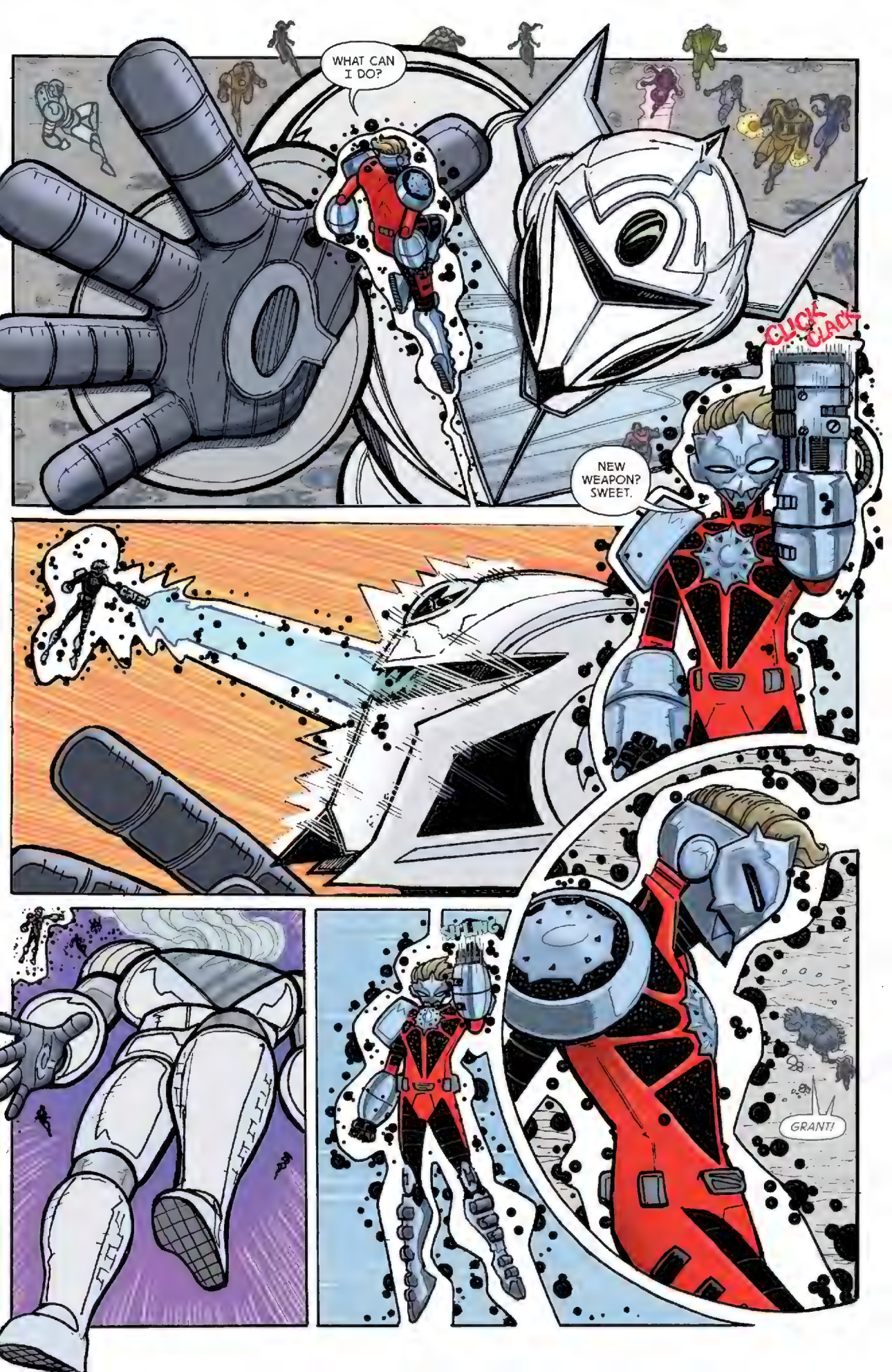
WE *HAVE* TO HELP.

DUDE.


CHIEF, WE'RE OVERRUN! MAJOR CASUALTIES!
BOLT, RENDEZVOUS WITH BETA SQUAD!
SIREN, OMEGA PRIME, LEAD THE OFFENSIVE. GIVE HIM COVER!
SMASH!

OMEGA PRIME! COME FACE ME, COWARD!
COME, COWARD, OR DOES THE FEAR OF OUR LAST ENCOUNTER STILL TURN YOUR BLOOD COLD?
BASTARD!

STILL SO WEAK!
MURMPHM
I'M GOING TO RIP OUT MORE THAN YOUR VOCAL CORDS THIS TIME.


WHAT CAN I DO?
CLICK CLACK
NEW WEAPON? SWEET.
GRANT!

DUDE, THAT WAS AMAZING!
GRANT...
...ARE YOU OKAY?
DRAINED.
MINE!
AT LONG LAST...

THE SHARSRUM IS MINE!
NO WAY, DUDE!
HURK.

COME WITH ME IF YOU WISH TO LIVE.
DERIVATIVE.

CHAPTER SIX

A RECKONING OR "WORLD WAR 3 PART 2"

THE SAVAGE STRENGTH OF STARSTORM

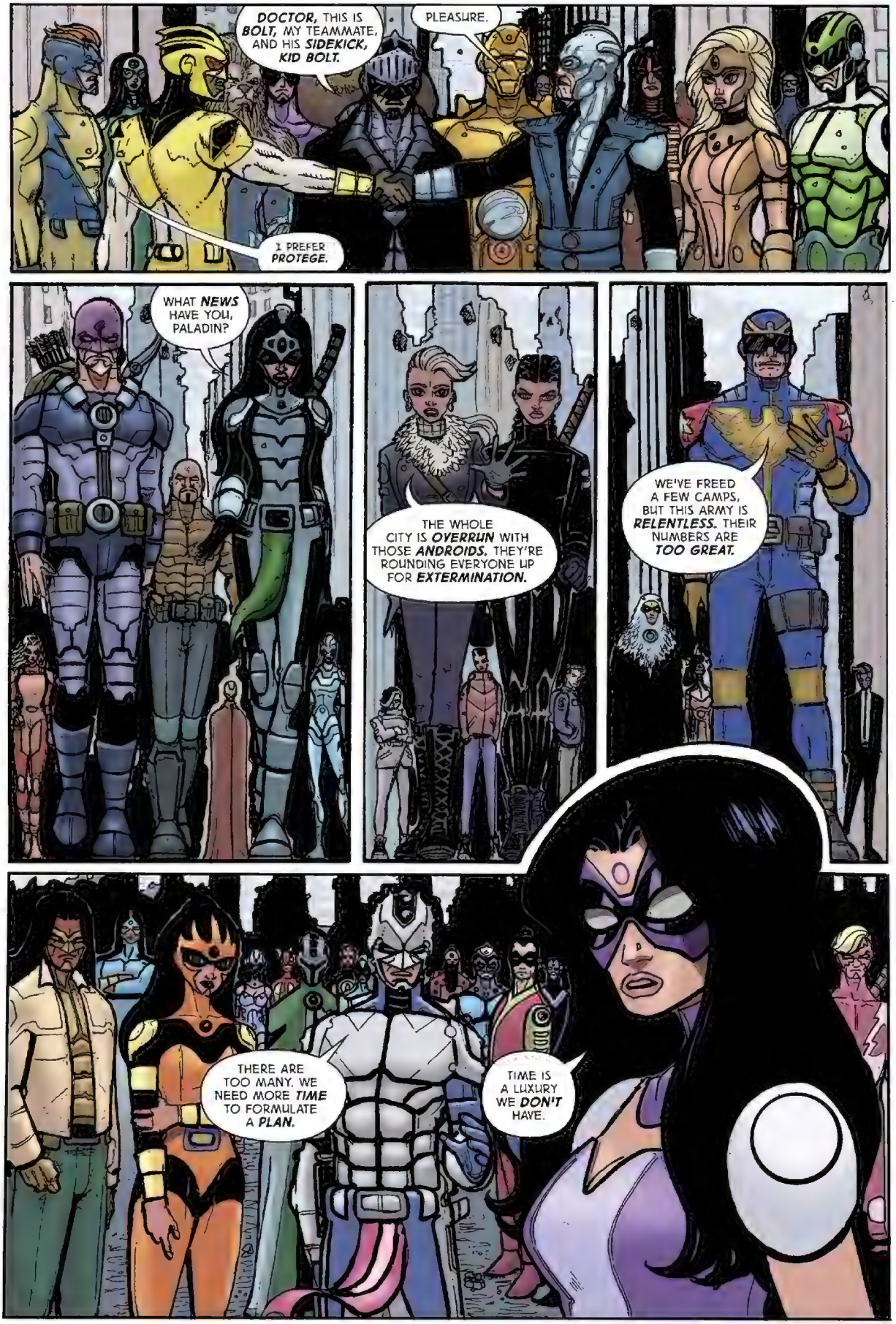
A RECKONING

(OR "WORLD WAR 3 PART 2")

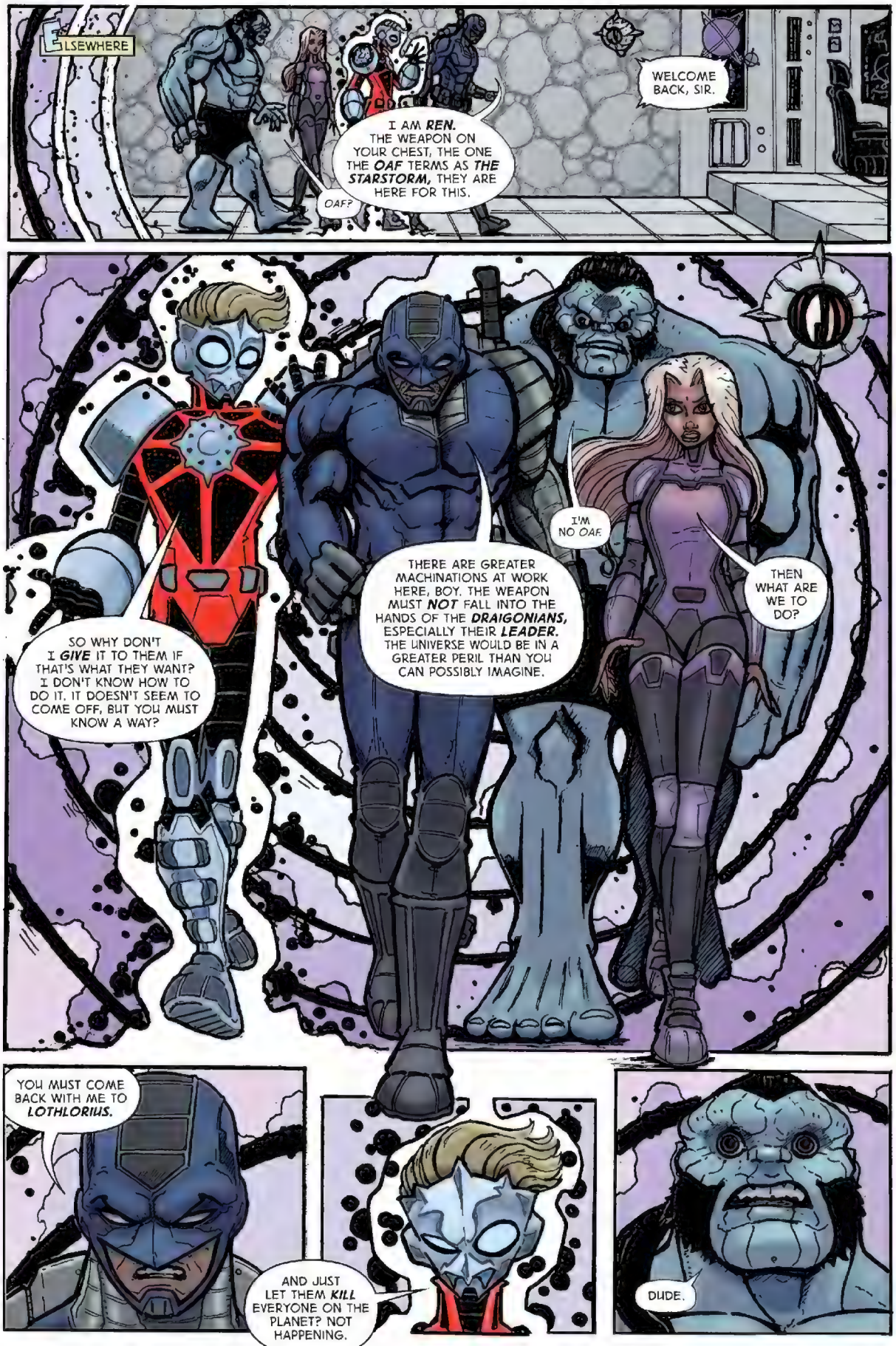
CREATED, WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY DREW CRAIG
COLORED AND LETTERED BY JASON FINESTONE

HOW DID THEY *FIND* US?
I DON'T KNOW.
I THINK IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE NEW KID, *STARSTORM.* EITHER THAT OR WE HAVE A *TRAITOR* IN OUR MIDST...
DO YOU THINK THE NEW KID IS ONE OF *THEM, PALADIN?*
NO, HE'S ENTIRELY *TOO GREEN* TO BE A *PLANT.*
THEY'RE HERE.
IS IT *ENOUGH?*
IT'LL *HAVE* TO BE.

GREETINGS, COMRADES.


DOCTOR, THIS IS BOLT, MY TEAMMATE, AND HIS SIDEKICK, KID BOLT.
PLEASURE.
I PREFER PROTEGE.
WHAT NEWS HAVE YOU, PALADIN?
THE WHOLE CITY IS OVERRUN WITH THOSE ANDROIDS. THEY'RE ROUNDING EVERYONE UP FOR EXTERMINATION.
WE'VE FREED A FEW CAMPS, BUT THIS ARMY IS RELENTLESS. THEIR NUMBERS ARE TOO GREAT.
THERE ARE TOO MANY. WE NEED MORE TIME TO FORMULATE A PLAN.
TIME IS A LUXURY WE DON'T HAVE.

THERE ARE STILL ENOUGH OF US LEFT TO TURN THE TIDE. I SAY WE STAND AND FIGHT!
DOESN'T LOOK LIKE WE HAVE MUCH OF A CHOICE.
THEY'RE HERE.
OH GOD...


ELSEWHERE
WELCOME BACK, SIR.
I AM REN. THE WEAPON ON YOUR CHEST, THE ONE THE OAF TERMS AS THE STARSTORM, THEY ARE HERE FOR THIS.
OAF?
SO WHY DON'T I GIVE IT TO THEM IF THAT'S WHAT THEY WANT? I DON'T KNOW HOW TO DO IT. IT DOESN'T SEEM TO COME OFF, BUT YOU MUST KNOW A WAY?
THERE ARE GREATER MACHINATIONS AT WORK HERE, BOY. THE WEAPON MUST NOT FALL INTO THE HANDS OF THE DRAIGONIANS, ESPECIALLY THEIR LEADER. THE UNIVERSE WOULD BE IN A GREATER PERIL THAN YOU CAN POSSIBLY IMAGINE.
I'M NO OAF.
THEN WHAT ARE WE TO DO?
YOU MUST COME BACK WITH ME TO LOTHLORIUS.
AND JUST LET THEM KILL EVERYONE ON THE PLANET? NOT HAPPENING.
DUDE.

SIR, WE MUST DEPART BEFORE WE ARE DETECTED. THIS PLANET IS LOST.
WE AREN'T GOING ANYWHERE. WE'RE STAYING.
YOU HAVE NO GRASP OF WHAT IS HAPPENING HERE.
THAT THING ON YOUR CHEST COULD TURN THE TIDE. IT HOLDS GREAT POWER, BUT YOU DO NOT HAVE THE EXPERIENCE TO YET UNLOCK ITS FULL POTENTIAL.
CAN YOU SHOW ME?
NO. THERE IS PERHAPS ONE WHO CAN, HOWEVER, BUT HE IS FAR FROM HERE. THIS IS WHY WE MUST LEAVE.
I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE UNTIL WE'VE FREED THIS PLANET.
THIS IS OUR HOME.
THIS IS YOUR HOME, NOT HIS. HE IS NOT FROM THIS WORLD.
BUT VERY WELL, IF THIS IS YOUR WISH, PREPARE YOURSELVES FOR...

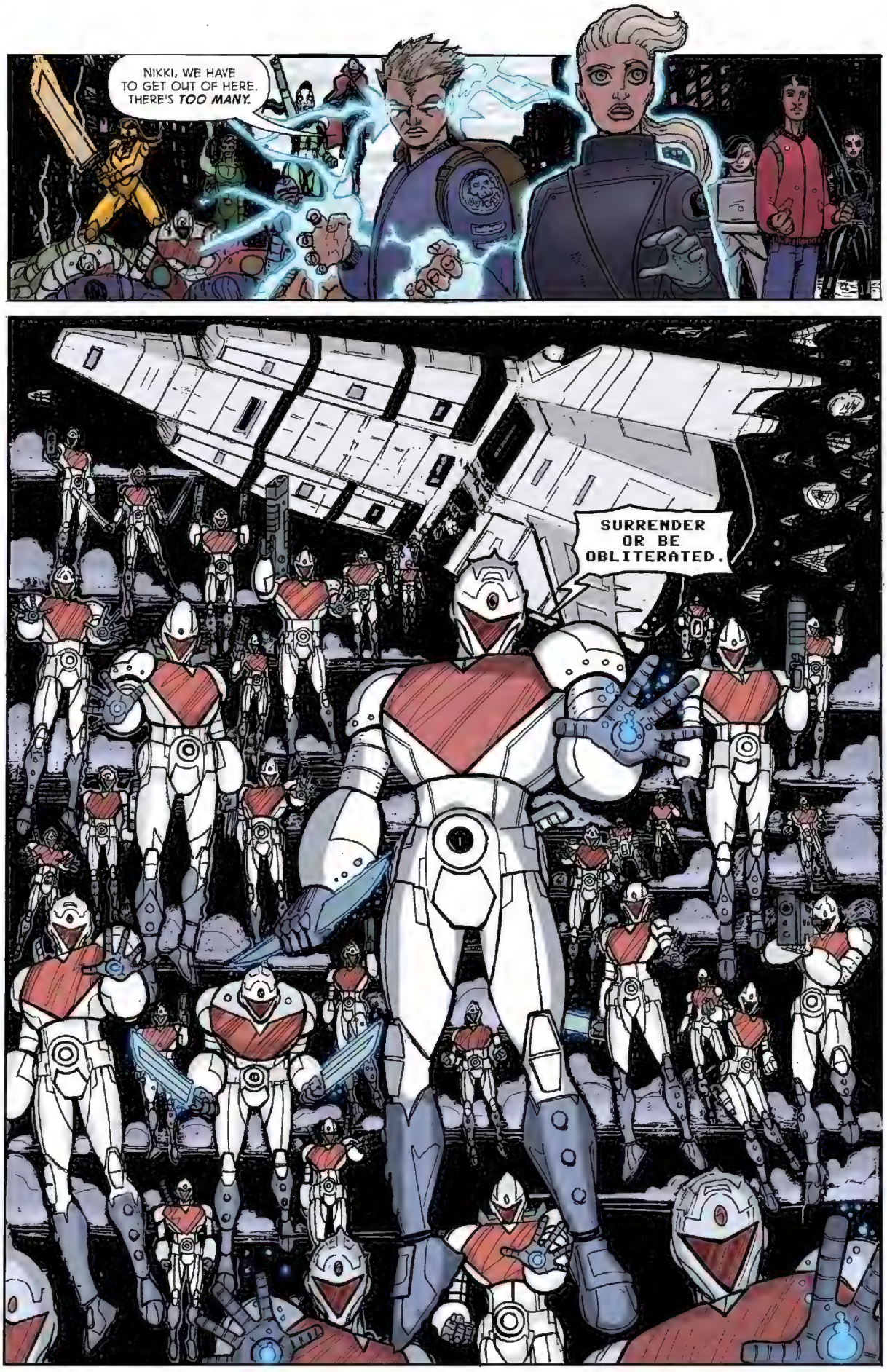
...WAR.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN I'M NOT FROM THIS WORLD?
THERE IS A REASON THE WEAPON ATTACHED ITSELF TO YOU. IT WAS CREATED TO HOUSE A TREMENDOUS POWER WHICH ONLY YOU CAN UNLOCK.
THE REASON YOUR COMRADES HAVE BEEN MUTATED IS BECAUSE OF THIS POWER. IT AND YOU ARE NOT OF THIS WORLD.
THIS IS INSANE.
OH MY GOD.
THERE IS NO TIME TO LINGER. THERE IS LITTLE WE CAN DO FOR THEM OTHER THAN SUCCEED IN OUR MISSION.
THEY'RE ALL DYING.
THROUGH THE UNDERGROUND. IT IS THE SAFEST WAY.
GROSS.
UGH.
THE LARGE ONE WILL NOT FIT. HE'LL HAVE TO REMAIN BEHIND.

YOU ARE TOO LARGE, AND OUR MISSION LIES WITH STEALTH.
C'MON DUDE, I'M SUPER STRONG. I CAN DEFINITELY HELP YOU.
NO, YOU CANNOT.
WE'RE NOT LEAVING HIM BEHIND.
X9, STAY AND WATCH OVER THE PORTAL.
HE'S OUR FRIEND.
FRIENDS ARE A LIABILITY IN BATTLE. NOW, COME.
GRANT, MAYBE YOU CAN TELEPORT ME?
I DON'T KNOW.
BUT I'LL GIVE IT A TRY!
ZZZAP

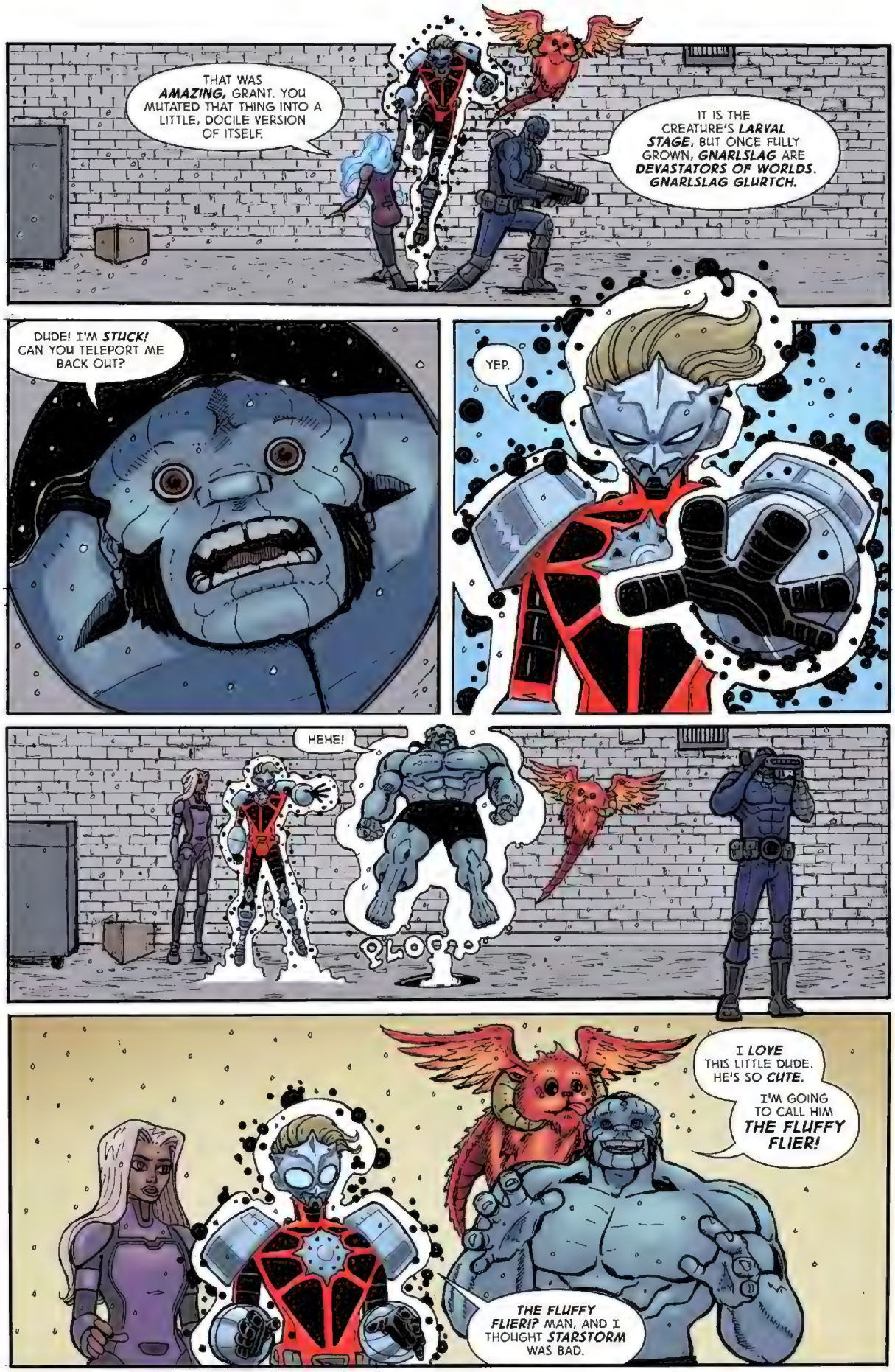
AWESOME!
IMPRESSIVE.
THIS WAY.
ELI, HURRY UP.
OAF.
I'M TRYIN'! THIS BODY IS TOO BIG!
WAIT. FATHER CLOCK IS WARNING US OF SOMETHING.

STARSTORM, LIGHT THE WAY.
BOSSY A LITTLE?
GRANT.
SHIT!
AH CRAP!
FINE.
GNARLSLAG!!! EVERYONE SCATTER!


NIKKI, WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE. THERE'S *TOO MANY.*
SURRENDER OR BE OBLITERATED.

WE HAVE TO *RETREAT!*
THEY JUST KEEP *COMING.* THERE'S *NO END* TO THEM.
BASTARDS.
THEY'RE RIGHT. WE *HAVE* TO RETREAT!
WE'VE *LOST.*
NO...
NOT *YET* WE HAVEN'T.

GRRAARR
RRRAHRU
GRROOAAAANN
AAAARRRGGHHHH


THAT WAS *AMAZING,* GRANT. YOU MUTATED THAT THING INTO A LITTLE, DOCILE VERSION OF ITSELF.
IT IS THE CREATURE'S *LARVAL STAGE*, BUT ONCE FULLY GROWN, *GNARLSLAG* ARE *DEVASTATORS OF WORLDS. GNARLSLAG GLURTCH.*
DUDE! I'M *STUCK!* CAN YOU TELEPORT ME BACK OUT?
YEP.
HEHE!
I *LOVE* THIS LITTLE DUDE. HE'S SO *CUTE.*
I'M GOING TO CALL HIM *THE FLUFFY FLIER!*
THE FLUFFY FLIER!? MAN, AND I THOUGHT *STARSTORM* WAS BAD.

DRAXUS!
YOUR DAY OF RECKONING IS HERE.
BASTARD.
WHERE ARE WE GOING!?
GUYS?
SORRY, ELI!
FLUFFY, STAY WITH ME.

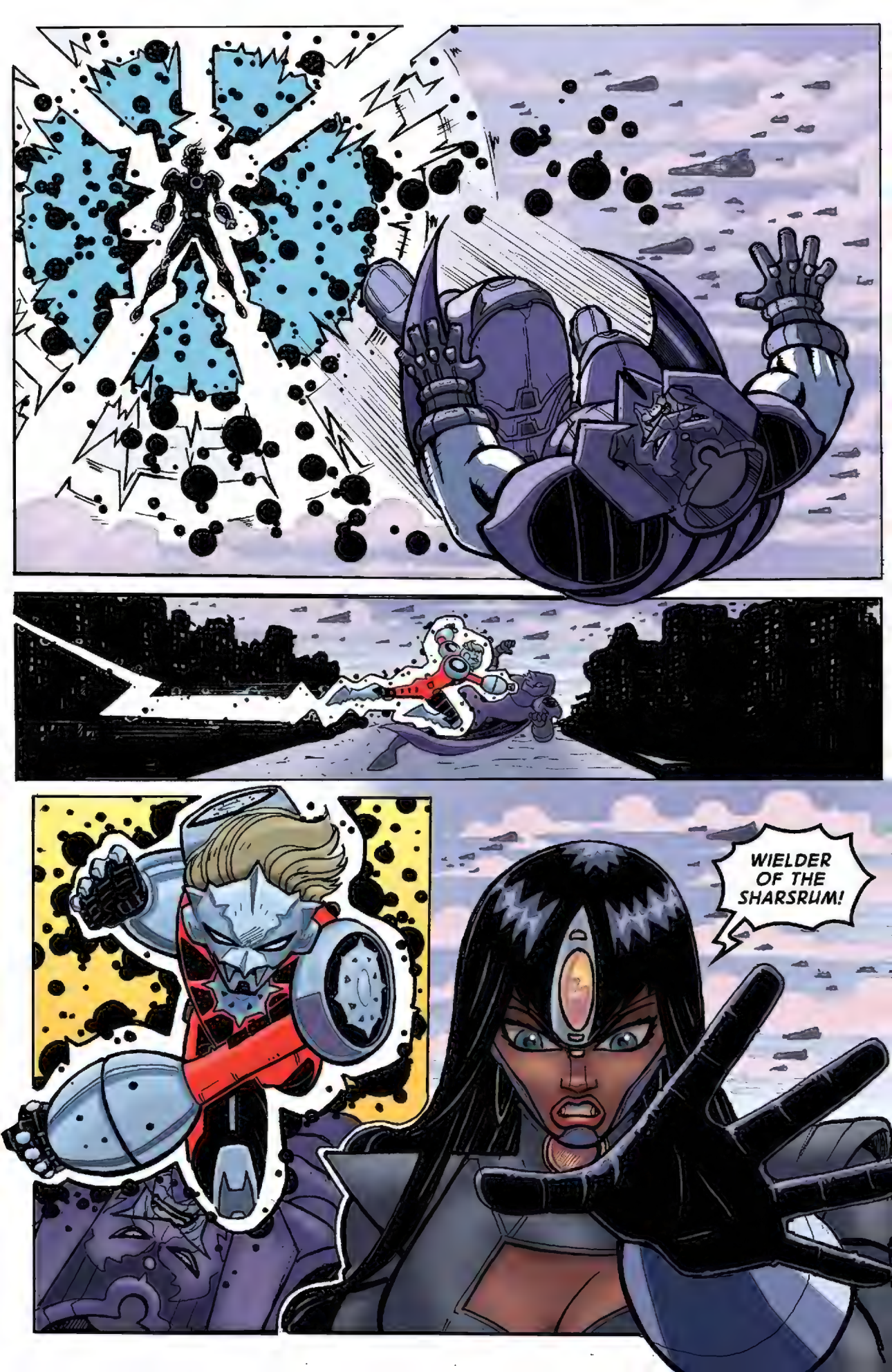
I CAN'T FLY.
THIS SUCKS.
HE WAS RIGHT. I CAN'T HELP.
SNIFF
AH! WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!?
SLAM!
WARHAMMER, ARE YOU OKAY, SIR?
BY THE WAY, BIG FAN.
I AM DIMINISHING...
MY LIFE FORCE DRAINS INTO ACRON!
TAKE THE HAMMER. USE IT! SPEAK THE OATH! TURN THE TIDE, GIANT!
SIR, I APPRECIATE THE OFFER, BUT I CAN'T TAKE YOUR HAMMER.
I MEAN, YOU'RE WARHAMMER. I JUST CAN'T...
TAKE IT!
SPEAK THE OATH, TURN THE TIDE.

LET ACRON GUIDE YOU.
WELL OKAY, SIR. IF YOU *INSIST.*
OH WOW!
I CAN *FLY* USING WARHAMMER'S WAR HAMMER!
WHOA! WHAT'S *HAPPENING?*
STAY HERE, FLUFF! WATCH OVER WARHAMMER!
USE THE HAMMER...
TURN...THE ...TIDE...
THAT CREATURE...
...SO ...ADORABLE.
BE SILENT!

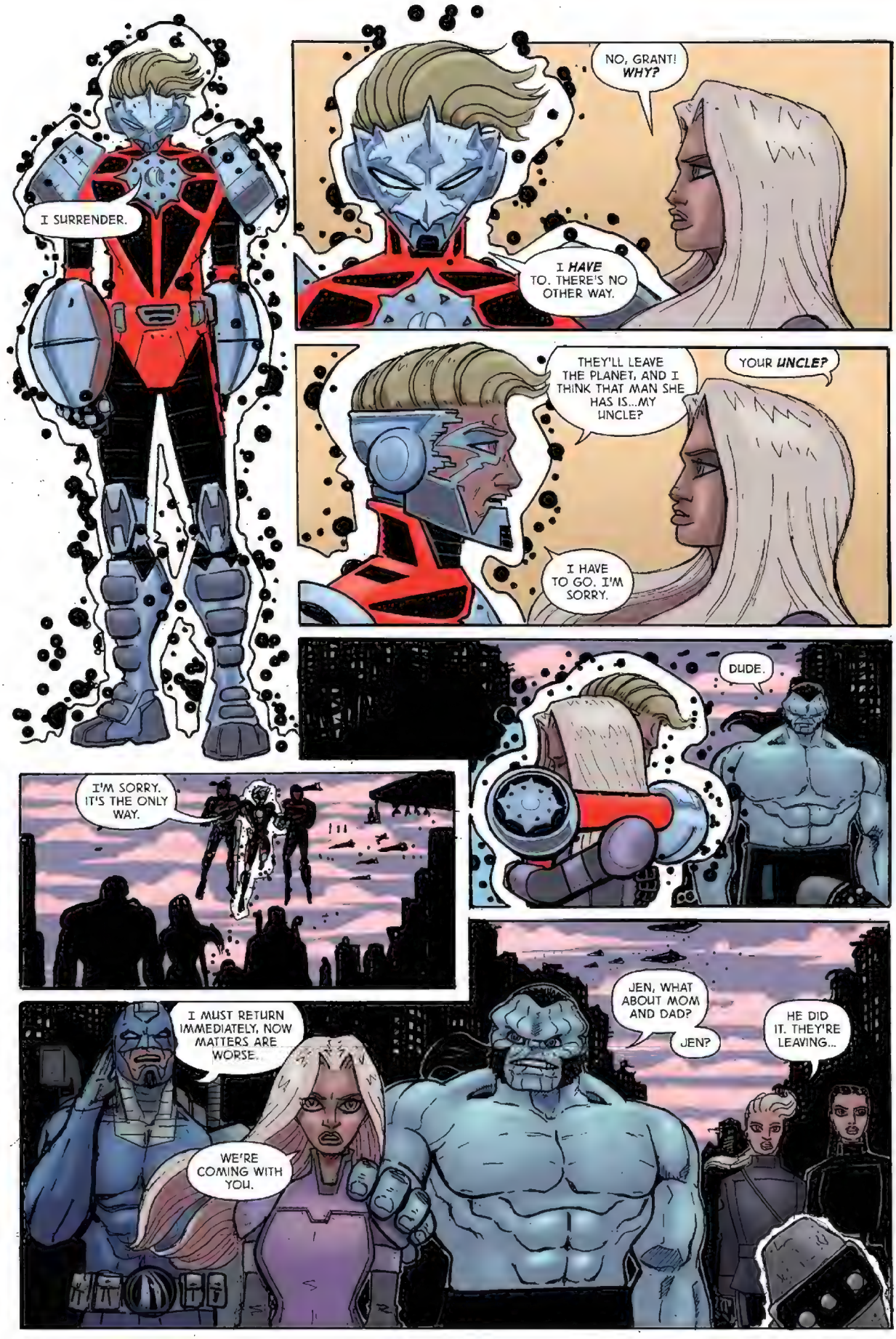
DUDES! HELP! WARHAMMER'S HAMMER IS OUT OF CONTROL!
HOW DID YOU GET WARHAMMER'S HAMMER?
HE GAVE IT TO ME!
WHOA!!
IS THERE A MEDIC OUT HERE!? WARHAMMER NEEDS A MEDIC!
BUFFOON.
MEDIC!

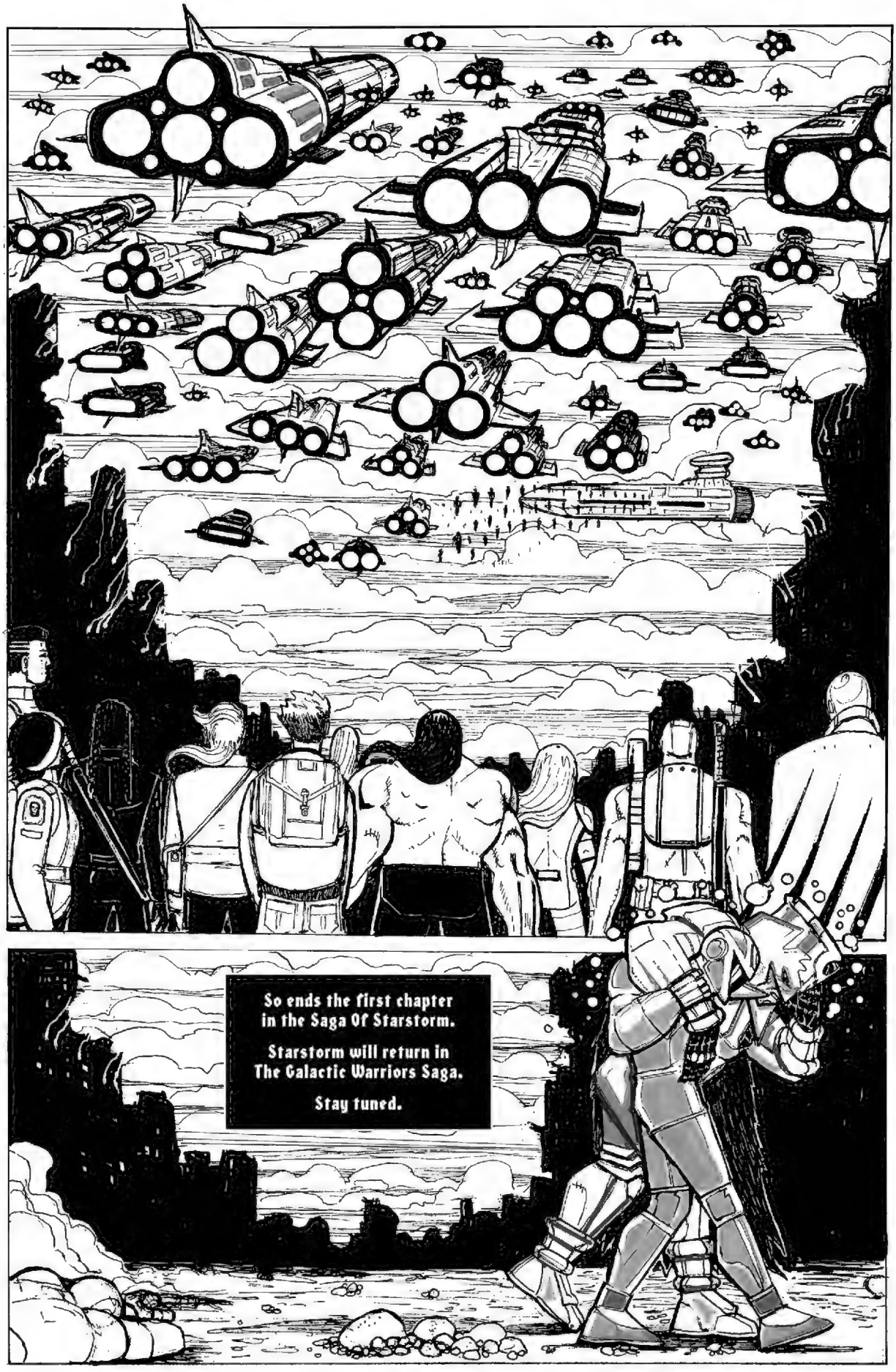
DRAXUS!
YOUR RECKONING IS AT HAND!
ACK!
HELLO, BROTHER. IT HAS BEEN SOME TIME.
YOU'RE NO BROTHER OF MINE, YOU TREACHEROUS PIG!
THAT SADDENS ME, BROTHER. HOW MANY TIMES DID I SAVE YOUR LIFE, AND THIS IS THE GRATITUDE I RECEIVE?
LET HIM GO!
NO!
VERY WELL, BROTHER. TAKE YOUR ABSENCE. I SHALL NOT GRIEVE CONSIDERING WHAT YOU'VE BROUGHT ME.
ACK!
GRANT!

THE WEAPON, FINALLY. MY TASK FULFILLED.
GIVE IT TO ME!
UGH!
ARRRRGHHH!
AAAHHHH!!


WIELDER OF THE SHARSRUM!

HUNH?
SURRENDER TO US AND WE SHALL LEAVE THIS PLANET IN ***ONE PIECE.*** IF YOU ***RESIST,*** WE SHALL ***DECIMATE*** ALL THAT REMAINS AND ***DESTROY*** ALL THAT YOU KNOW. THE CHOICE IS ***YOURS***.


I SURRENDER.
NO, GRANT! WHY?
I HAVE TO. THERE'S NO OTHER WAY.
THEY'LL LEAVE THE PLANET, AND I THINK THAT MAN SHE HAS IS...MY UNCLE?
YOUR UNCLE?
I HAVE TO GO. I'M SORRY.
DUDE.
I'M SORRY. IT'S THE ONLY WAY.
I MUST RETURN IMMEDIATELY, NOW MATTERS ARE WORSE.
WE'RE COMING WITH YOU.
JEN, WHAT ABOUT MOM AND DAD?
JEN?
HE DID IT. THEY'RE LEAVING...

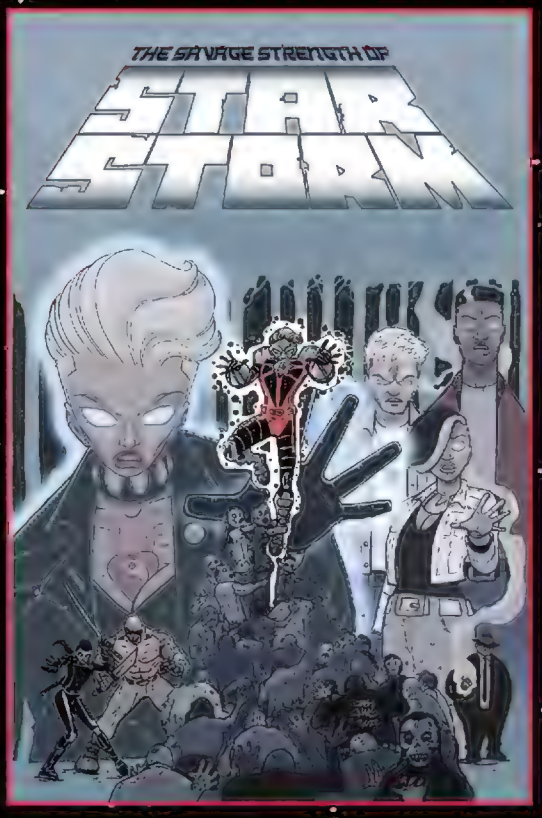

So ends the first chapter
in the Saga Of Starstorm.
Starstorm will return in
The Galactic Warriors Saga.
Stay tuned.

COVER GALLERY

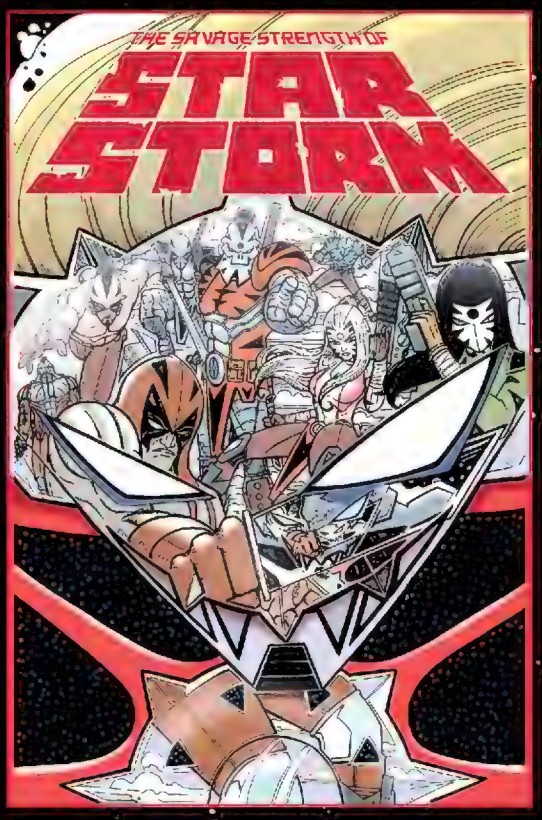
COVERS BY DREW CRAIG AND WES CRAIG

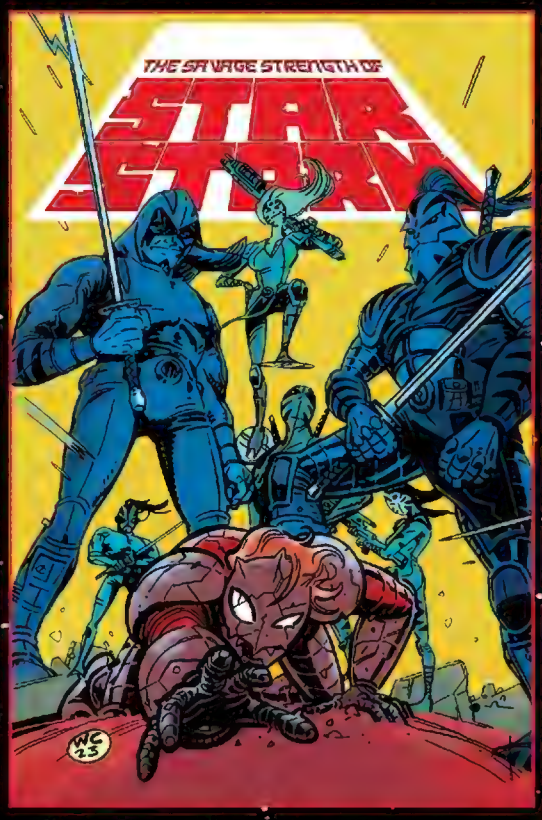
ISSUE 1

ISSUE 2



ISSUE 3





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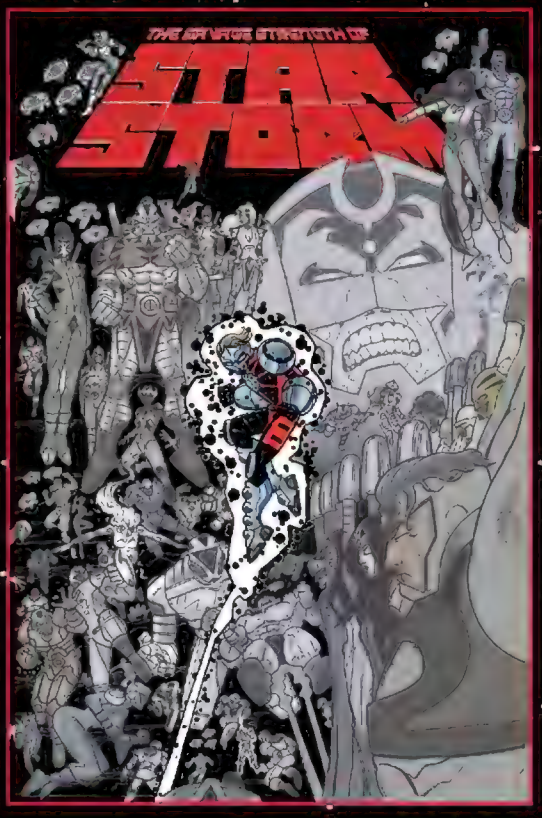
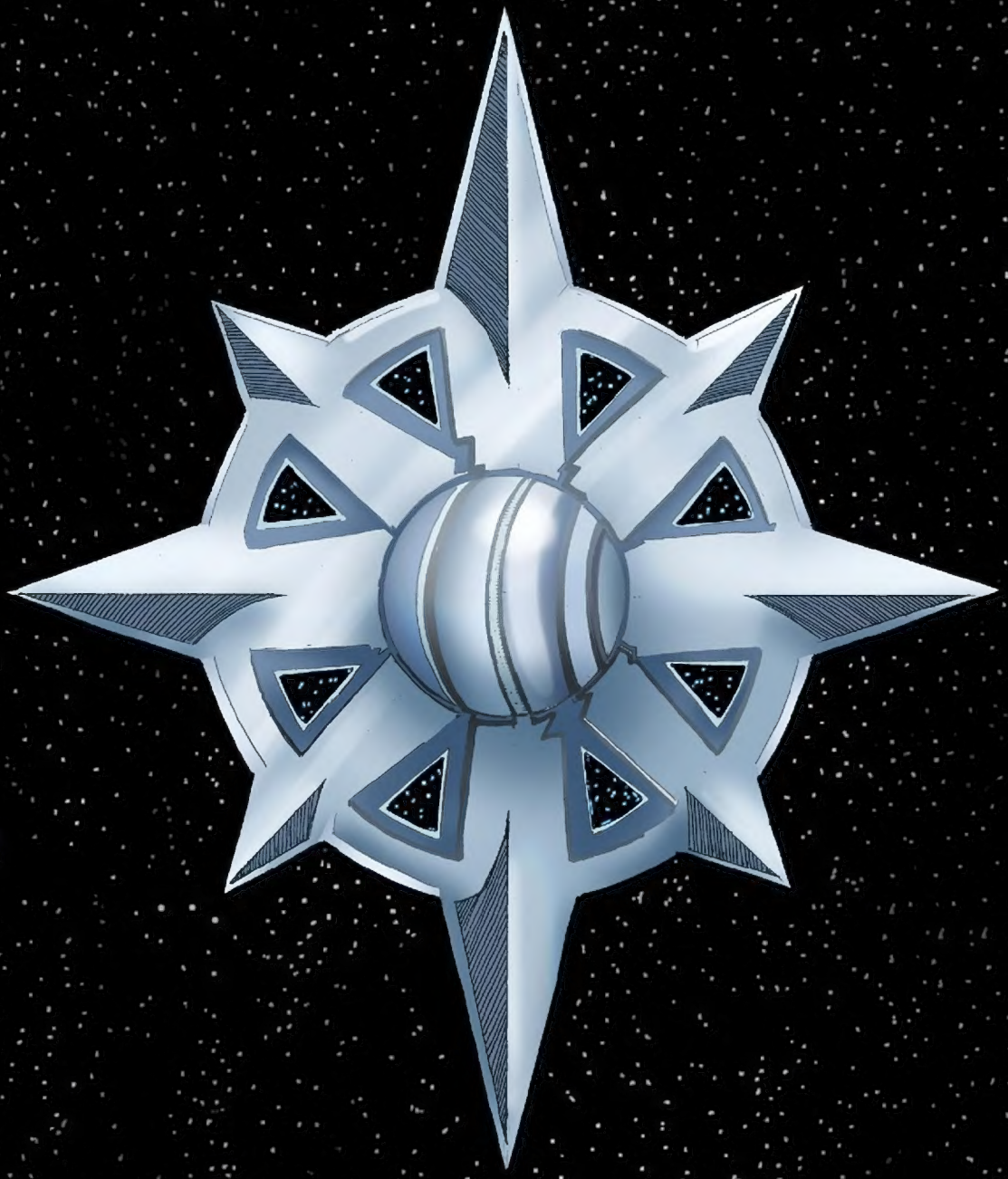


ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Drew Craig is the writer, illustrated by, and creator of **THE SAVAGE STRENGTH OF STARSTORM**. After years of collecting comics and attending conventions with his brother, Drew decided to set about creating his own universe of heroes and villains. From this, Starstorm was born. Drew resides in Montreal Quebec Canada with his family and several forest friends, where he attempts to remain warm, write, and draw.



Orphaned amnesiac Grant Garrison is just attempting to navigate his present and recall his past when a meteor decimates his high school. In the rubble, Grant discovers a strange artifact from another galaxy, the weapon known as the STARSTORM, and the power that resides within it will determine not only his and his friends' future...

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